

THE ARCADIA:

A PASTORAL.

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY;

And acted at the

PHOENIX in DRURY-LANE,
in the Year 1640:

Founded on the same STORY with the NEW
TRAGEDY, call'd,

PHILOCLEA,

Now acting at the

Theatre Royal in Covent - Garden.

— *Arcades Ambo,*
Et cantare Pares.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by *W. Reeve*, in *Fleet-Street*.

M. DCC. LIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

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PASTORAL

BY JAMES SHIRLEY;

47
3/3.
1877
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PREFACE.

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“ James Shirley, a Gentleman who flourish'd in the Time of King Charles the First, and was Servant to His Majesty; one of such incomparable Parts, that he was the Chief of the second-rate Poets, and, by some, has been thought even equal to Fletcher himself.

“ I need not take Pains to shew his Intimacy with the Poets of his Time, nor the Value and Admiration that Persons of the first Rank had for him; since the Verses before several of his Works, and his Epistles Dedicatory,

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RURY-LANE

in the year 1867



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“ sufficiently shew it.——He has writ
 “ several Dramatic Pieces, to the Num-
 “ ber of thirty-seven,” of which the fol-
 lowing Pastoral, call'd *ARCADIA*, is one.

The Lovers of Theatrical Entertain-
 ments will, doubtless, be pleas'd, to see
 the different Manner of treating the
 same Subject, by two Authors, who liv'd
 more than the Distance of an Hundred
 Years from each other.

In the following Play, they will ob-
 serve a strange Mixture of Faults and
 Beauties; and indeed, very few of the
 best Writers of those Times are without
 this Inequality in their Performances.
 It may be said with Truth of Shirley,
 that he for the most Part writes with
 great Ease, and often with great Strength,
 and therefore may very properly be call'd
 one of the best second-rate Dramatic
 Geniuses.

Masfenger has been generally thought
 to be the next in Merit to Shakespear,
 Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher; but if
 our Shirley's Works were critically exa-
 min'd, there will be found less Uncouth-
 ness and Absurdity in the Construction of
 his

P R E F A C E.

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his Fables, and more Ease and Nature in the Working of 'em up.

It is much expected, that the Author of the New Play, call'd PHILOCLEA, has drawn the necessary Advantage from the Errors, as well as the Beauties of Shirley; and that, from those Things he has publish'd, and the Character he bears, he will enrich the Stage with a New Tragedy, whose Foundation is, perhaps, the most pleasing and interesting Story, in this or any other Language.

The

The Persons of the Play.

D. Asilius, King of Arcadia.

Basilus, King of Arcadia.
Mufidorus, a Prince disguis'd as a Shepherd, Lover
of Pamela.
An Amazon, Lover of Phi-

of Pamela.
 Prince disfigure'd as an Amazon, Lover of Phi-
 locten.

Enochus, Father to Pyrocles.

Saladier.

Calander, }
Polonax, } Three Arcadian Lords.

Symptoms:

Caladobus, Servant to Musidorus.
A Sick Shepherd, and

Caladokus, Servant to *Mufidorus*.
Domestus, a rustick Shepherd, and Guardian to *Pamela* and
Philoelea.

Cupid.

Masquers.

Thumb, a Miller.

Captain of the Rebels.

Rebels.

A Messenger.

Gynecia, the Queen.

Gynecia, the Queen.
Pamela, } Daughters to Basilus and Gynecia.

Philoctea,

Miso, Wife to Dametas.

Miso, Wife to *Dametas*.
Mopsa, Daughter to *Dametas* and *Miso*.

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The SCENE *Arcadia.*




T H E
A R C A D I A.



A C T I.

Enter Basilius, Philonax and Calander.

Philon.  I R, yet be gracious, and hear them pray,
They beg not for their own, but for your
Safety,
And Honour of your State, which eclipse
In your long dark and melancholly Life.

We want you at the Helm ;
Our Duties bid us tell you 'tis unnatural
To bury yourself alive. The People call
For their own King to govern : They'll forget
To pray for you, if you continue thus
A Stranger to 'em.

Cal. Or if not for them,
Which every good King makes his Care, as being
A Steward to provide them all earthly Blessings ;
Yet for the other Part of you, our Mistress,
That sleeps within your Bosom, and not made
For such a Conversation : Oh ! return
And warm your Thoughts again ; about which all
Your Servants, like so many Pictures, gaze

B

At

At one another, but want Motion, and take up
Room i' th' Chambers of your Court like Arras.

Philon. Have a Compassion to your Daughters, Sir;
Kill not your Hopes in their Restraint.

Cal. What Cage
Can please the Birds created for Sky-Freedom?

Philon. How can you see your eldest Child, *Pamela*,
Spend her best Part of Time with such a rude
And ignorant Hind as the unbred *Dametas*?
A Lady of a high and active Soul.

Bas. No more.

Philon. Our Duties bid us tell you this.

Bas. Hast thou forgotten,
Philonax, or made a better Gloss upon the Oracle?
Should we remain in Court, and let our Daughters
Be in the Sight of the admiring World?
Read that Paper, and be not partial, *Philonax*.

[*Philonax* reads]

*Thy eldest Care shall from thy careful Face,
By princely Mean be stolen, and yet not lost:
The Younger shall with Nature's Bliss embrace
An uncooth Love, which Nature hateth most.
Both these themselves unto two such shall wed,
That at a Bier, as at a Bar shall plead;
While thee, a living Man, they have made dead.
In thine own Seat a foreign State shall sit,
And ere that all these Blows thy Head shall hit,
Thou with thy Wife Adultery shall commit.*

Bas. Canst blame me now? I should rejoice to see
My Daughters happy Mothers, but since their
Fate must be ripen'd with my Blood, their Pride
Rooted in my Grave, and that untimely, 'tis
Wisdom to keep them Virgins. I'm resolv'd.

Enter Gynecia, Philoclea and Pyrocles.

Cal. Your Queen and Ladies.

Bas. Vanish all Discontent. Madam, this Place
Is empty of all royal Entertainment
Your Worth may challenge; but since Fate allows not
A courtly Life, which best may answer your
High-birth Spirit, let your Virtue guide you
To accept of what we tender.

Pyr.

Pyr. This, my Lord,
Exceeds all Merit: Here it was the Bliss
I aim'd at, to be acquainted with your Goodness.
I am your humble Servant.

Bas. Such a Title
Would rather become me: Call me so, Lady,
And stile me above Kings, while I write yours.

Philon. If your Grace
Could call him from this Life, you'd melt the Hearts
Of your Subjects into Prayers for you.

Gyn. I thank your Care, but he's inexorable.

Cal. Alas! dear Princess, can you brook these Groves?
Has not a Palace something more of Pleasure?

Phi. This shall be so to me, while 'tis my Father's.

Cal. I have not seen a goodlier Person. How
Came she admitted? She is gracious with the King.

Phi. She has a Charm to win from all the World,

Philon. I have read the *Amazons* describ'd so.

Pyr. Good, my Lord.

Bas. These Lips had he that robb'd the Dragon of
The Golden Apples but once seen, he would
Have wish'd to have gather'd Fruit here; and esteem'd
The Gain of one sweet Kiss Reward sufficient
For all his twelve hard Labours.

Pyr. Sir, your Grace
Is pleasantly dispos'd to make my Person
The Subject of your Mirth.

Bas. And had those Creatures,
Book-blinded Men, that dream of other Worlds,
Tell of *Elysian* Blessings, know the Joys
Are in your Love, they would have lost themselves,
As I have done, in Speculation.

Pyr. You make me blush to hear you.

Bas. There's no Action
Dares so affright your Blood. To talk; why, Lady,
There be those Men and Women, great and good,
Have found no Shame in telling of their Loves;
Nay, in the acting.

Pyr. Give me Leave to tell you,
You are not modest, if I understand you.
A King give Breath to such foul Thoughts!
Your every Action should be a Star
To guide your Subjects. If you lose your Piety,
What Wickedness have they not License for?
If the Devotion of your Service be

To such a Fiend as Lust (as what Name else
Can it deserve?) let those, whose Hearts are lost
In Sin, be tempted to Dishonour, I
Abhor the Thought. Pardon me, Royal Sir,
I hope these are but Trials if I thought
There had been such a Levity in Men,
Thus to provoke you.

Bas. Smooth thy Brow again,
Or I shall need no other Punishment;
There's Death too much in that. *Philoclea.*

Pyr. That Name sounds all my Comfort, and I must
Despair to tell her so. I was to blame
To be so peremptory; would I were again
To shape my Answer.

Bas. Noble Lady.

Pyr. Sir.

Bas. That Smile has put me out. Oh! look thus ever.
I was studying a new Compliment, to beg
Thy Excuse.

Pyr. If you thought no Offence, there needs none, Sir.
I must suppose your Love is noble chaste.

Bas. You will find that hereafter. Oh! *Zelmone!*
Would thou couldst tell the Meaning of my Sighs.

Pyr. You can express them.

Bas. Not I.

Pyr. Chuse another to speak them for you;
And yet I want an Orator to tell you
What I would say, howe'er I seem.

Bas. Dost blest me?

Pyr. There's something wants a Tongue: But for your Passions,
I should not think they would carry so much Discord
To any Virgin Ear, deliver'd by a Woman.
There is a Way to meet a gentle Audience,
At least not harsh Disdain, did your fair Daughter,
Philoclea, the Volume of all Sweetness,
Plead Half your Suit; altho' it border'd on
Something not altogether just, her Tongue
Might perchance guide it. But, I am confident,
Your Ends are noble.

Bas. There's a Lightening yet
Of Comfort. Happiest Lady, I will study
How to be worthy of this Grace.

Gyn. You are expected at the Pastorals.

Philon. We take our Leaves, my Lord; again beseeching
Your Pardon for our Boldness, to reduce you

The ARCADIA.

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To your own Sphere of Greatness.

Baf. Do you continue
Faithful to your Employments, and deserve of us,
And of your Country. Come, *Zelmane*,
There are some Sports which you must grace.

Pyr. I wait a Servant to your Commands.

Gyn. Come, sweet *Zelmane*.

Pyr. Come, sweetest of thy Sex.

Pbi. 'Tis pity Nature
Made thee not a Man, this Compliment
Would then become you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pamela and Mopfa.

Pam. *Mopfa*, you are too coy, in my Opinion;
Tho', I confess, your Beauty may deserve
As much as any. *Dorus*, tho' he be
Your Father's Servant, he's a handsome Shepherd,
And not to be despis'd.

Mop. Despis'd! cannot a Virgin love a young Man, I pray,
but she must despise him?

Pam. You should then, with some Smiles, encourage him.

Mop. Smoiles! let me alone to smole, and something else,
when we are alone. If I thought he did not love me, I know
what I know.

Pam. Alas! poor Man, he cannot sleep for you, he says.

Mop. Nay, an I were a Bed with him, he should not sleep,
so long as his Eyes were open; I'd watch him for that. But
do you think my Father would let us couple in Matrimony, as
they say? He has never a Son but I, and I am his only
Daughter.

Pam. Make no Scruple of that; if you can find in your
Heart to love him, in the Name of *Cupid* go together. For
aught I perceive, your Father holds a good Opinion of him;
marry, I know not how your Mother is inclin'd.

Enter Musidorus.

Mop. Whoop, my Mother's a Scold.

Pam. Here's your Sweetheart,
Look you make much of him. Poor Gentleman,
How love is able to transport? Who could
Expect so rich a Guest in that poor Dwelling?
Oh! howe'er the Winds compel him; or the Stream,
Into whose troubled Waves he has launch'd forth,
This Way he steers his Love, yet I seem ignorant.

Mus.

Mus. My dearest *Mopsa*!

Mop. Dear! I never cost you any Thing.

Mus. I know not.

At what Expence of Fortunes, were I able,
I should be willing to make Purchase of you:
But, I'm sure, you have already cost my Heart;
And yet I find yours made of Marble,
Which neither Pity nor my Prayers can soften.
Sweet Madam, plead for me; one gracious Word
From you would make me happy. Let one Beam
Shoot from your Eye, and it will strike a Spring
Into that frozen Piece of Earth, and make it
A Bower for Love to sport in. 'Tis in you
To unarm her noble Heart; there's too much Steel,
And gentle Love in vain attempts to fasten
The softer Blows.

Pam. *Mopsa* take heed, your Shepherd can speak well;
And if he be honest *Menalcus*' Brother
And Heir, I know no Reason why you should
Think Scorn of him.

Mop. But for all his quaint Speeches, I'll keep my Honesty
Close enough, I warrant you.

Mus. Why should you be so cruel? Nature made
Your Face the only Object of Man's Wonder.

Mop. Does my Face look like a Flapjack?

Mus. Is't possible there can be a Soul so hard,
So unrelenting, dwell in that fair Body?
If you knew the Truth of my Affection, and with what
Religion it looks upon your Virtues,
'Twould teach your Eye Compassion. Gracious Princess,
Let the distressed *Dorus* gain this Mercy
From you, that with the Blessedness of your
White Hand reaching to *Mopsa*, this poor Toy,
Which late I found, my Love may cherish Hope
At last to be accepted.

Mop. Oh, fine! What's that, Madam?

Pam. You must yet be a little coy to receive it.

Mop. I won't have it, an he would give it me.

Pam. A rich Jewel, the Figure of a Crabfish.

Mus. The true Emblem of my Love's Pace, which looks ano-
To that it moves. She cannot but distinguish (ther Way
Whither I would direct my Heart: Her Eyes
Are fixt upon't, and my poor Soul could here
Star-gaze for ever----

Pam. By Force, not Choice.----All his Desire is, *Mopsa*,
To

The ARCADIA.

To win your Grace, by my presenting it.

Mop. I'll take it for your Sake: I won't thank him.

Mus. She has no Apprehension; with what
A calm and careless Temper does she give it!

Enter Dametas.

Dam. Madam *Pamela*; Oh! are you there: 'Tis well.

Pam. What's the Matter?

Dam. I'm out of Breath; let me walk myself a little.

Pam. What Haste does tire you?

Dam. Tire me, I am no Woman, keep your Tires to yourself; nor am I *Pericles*, Prince of *Tyre*.

Pam. I do believe it; Heaven make you an honest Subject, for a wise one I despair to see you.

Dam. Am I the Subject of your Talk? But I give you Leave to use your Tongue, you are a Woman. *Dorus*, what makes you idling here? Is the Field dung'd, as I gave Directions? and the Calf, with the white Face, brought Home to Execution?

Mus. I was careful in my Duty.

Pam. Believe me, Governor, there is much Hope of your Servant.

Dam. I, Governor becomes you: I like it well when you carry an M under your Girdle, our govern'd. He will do pretty well in Time, when I have taught him the Manners of the Cart. He begins whistle in Tune already, and can curry Favour with the Horses; but, now I remember myself, I forgot what I came hither for. Oh! d'ye hear! 'tis the King your Father's Pleasure and mine, that you make Haste to the Lodge.

Pam. I'll attend.

Dam. There will be Gambols, to please my Lady *Salamandor*.

Pam. *Zelmane*, you would say.

Dam. I care not what you say; but if you mean to hear the Dances, and see the fine Songs, you must make Haste. *Dorus*, you shall have Leave to shake your Heels; look you be mannerly, and shew a clean Calf. *Mopsa*, what's that you have got there!

Mop. A fine Thing, our Man *Dorus* gave me. He says 'tis a Fish.

Dam. 'Tis a Cod's-Head, is't not? How came you by this?

Mus. Following the Plough, I found it.

Dam.

Dam. Would all my Acres were sown with such. Um, does he throw his Stones at thee already? Well, set forward: If thou diest before me, *Dorus*, I'll make some Body mine Heir; if I out-live thee, I won't say what Legacy I mean to bestow upon thee. Continue thy Duty, *Dorus*, and follow me with a Reverence. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Basilus*, *Gynecia*, *Pyrocles*, *Pamela*, *Philoclea*, *Mopla*, *Mufidorus*, and *Shepherds*.

Bas. Ladies, our Revels want the State and Glory
With which the Court Delights might charm your Senses.
Our Scene is natural; but, interpret fairly, 'twas meant
A Cure for Time's sick Feathers, and your Mirth.

Gyn. Virtue will prompt you to
Accept, what was intended for your Service;
Yet 'tis within my Wishes to salute you,
With other Testimony of your Welcome.

Pyr. I kiss your white Hand.

Gyn. Every Touch conveys a fierce Spirit through my Blood.
I shall betray my Suffering; and, through my Eyes,
Let out my Heart. *Philoclea*, sit.

Pbi. Wilt please you rest yourself?

Pyr. Dwell here for ever.

I am now but one Degree from Heaven.

Pbi. Since you imagine you are so near, it is no Sin,
I hope, to entreat you stay with us a little. I would
Wish not to make you blest with too hasty a Remove.

Pyr. You are all Goodness. Oh! that I durst but give
Some Liberty to my imprisoned Thoughts.

Gyn. *Philoclea*, you hinder the fair Stranger.

Pyr. Pardon me, that am her Trouble rather.

Bas. She should want Virtue to call you so; but they begin.

Enter *Dametas*.

Dametas is the Steward for this Day's Mirth, I see,
And means to bring in the first Course.

Dam. Cupid is blind, some say, but there are Lies
Abroad, for Cupid never wanted Eyes:
He is a Deity with Bow and Arrow,
And he can pierce with it the very Marrow,
And never hurt the Bones: Is't not a Wonder,
That flaming Ice should cut Man's Heart in sunder?

Enter

Enter Cupid, Shepherd, Musidorus, Mopla, and Miso.

*Behold the Dandyprat that liv'd at Court,
But is come hither to make Country Sport;
A woody God, but yet a very Colt
Among the Maids, who feel his furious Bolt.
Now, Cupid, speak thyself; or, while they play,
Sing, if you please, I have not more to say.*

Cupid. Tell me Tidings of my Mother,

Shepherds, and be Cupid's Brother:

Down from Heaven we came together,

With Swans Speed; came she not hither?

But what Lady have I spy'd?

Just so was my Mother ey'd:

Such her Smiles, wherein I dwell;

In those Lips have I been felt;

Those the Pillows of her Breast,

Which gave Cupid so much Rest.

'Tis she, 'tis she, make Holiday;

Shepherds, carrol, dance and play:

'Tis Venus, it can be no other;

Cupid now has found his Mother.

Gyn. This was your Poetry, Zelmane:

You are beholding to him, he would make

You a Mother, I see.

Bas. Gynecia!

Gyn. I am silent.----Philoclea is too near.

I am not well o'th' sudden: Break off your Mirth.

Bas. What ails Gynecia?

Gyn. My Heart is sick.

Pyr. Forbid it, Heaven!

Bas. Retire. Come, my Zelmane.

Pyr. I attend.

Bas. Look to your Charge, Dametas.

[Exit.]

Pam. I have a precious Time. Will you pace it, Governor?

Dam. Trot, amble or gallop, I'll run in your Hand, Lady.

[Ex.]

Mop. Come, Dorus.

Mus. Your humble Servant.

[Exit.]

Pyr. Thou art cruel

To an innocent Bosom-love; there is no Way,

Within thy Power, to save me. Oh! Philoclea!

Where shall I cool my Heart? Oh! if there be

One Shaft can kill, good Cupid, aim at me.

[Ex.]

ACT II.

Enter Gynecia and Miso.

Mis. I warrant you, Madam, they shall have good Luck, if they whisper together in my Hearing.

Gyn. Where is *Zelmane*?

Mis. In some of the Arbors. She took a Lute abroad with her, but I left *Philoclea* with her Father.

Gyn. Prithee be careful, and watch them well, good *Miso*.

Mis. They shan't scape me. I'll watch their Waters narrowly, I warrant you. [*Ex.*]

Gyn. I see through his Disguise. 'Tis so, and Love Hath put this Shape on him for *Philoclea*.
In what a miserable Flame I burn!

Zelmane, thou hast stolen
My Virtue from me! I have not Power to think
A harmless Thought. Ha! Musick! [*Musick and Song.*
From whence breathes that Sound! It is *Zelmane*. [*Pyr. sings.*

Enter Pyrocles.

Pyr. What miserable Accident brought her?

Gyn. *Zelmane*.

Pyr. Madam, I hope you'll pardon
The Trespass of a rude Hand and Voice. I meant not
This for your curious Ear.

Gyn. 'Twas Harmony.

Pyr. It was no light Air, I'm sure.

Gyn. Indeed it carried something, methought,
Of Sorrow's Descant. I heard Love in't too:
Who is so happy to deserve a Memory
But in your Sigh? Come, who's your Servant?

Pyr. I have no Servant.

Gyn. Nay, then I see you can dissemble. My Husband!

Pyr. Madam, I hope-----

Gyn. Nay, I am so far from Jealousy, I should not
Be angry to see you both a Bed together.

Pyr. How! Madam!

Gyn. Why, I can love you too. Come, thou shalt be my

Pyr. I am not worthy. (Bed-fellow.)

Gyn. Believe me, I could take as much Delight

In thy Embraces, as my Husband's. Why
 Are we so nice to one another? I
 Am a Woman; are not you so too?
 Why should we not be bold then? I have a mind
 To call thee Mistress: Yes, and I'll disguise
 Myself in some quaint Shape, to court thy Love.

Pyr. Disguise!

Gyn. Nay, do not blush: Thou shalt be a Man.

Pyr. Your Discourse appears
 Strange to me, Madam.

Gyn. As you would to me:
 And yet you may as easily perceive
Gynecia's Mind, as I distinguish you
 Through all your Clouds. *Cupid* doth dictate rarely
 To those that come to School to him; instructs
 With handsome Shadows to deceive the Eye,
 But cannot change my Substance. I have a Sense
 Can look beyond the superficial Bark.

Come, you are transparent.

Pyr. Madam, what d'ye mean?

Gyn. What means *Zelmane*, to be ignorant
 When a Queen pleads for Love? My Heart will not
 Allow more Circumstance. Do not question
 How you became reveal'd; but pity her,
 Whose Bosom is tormented with those Fires,
 Thy Smiles, the only greater Flame, can quench.

Pyr. Pray, Heaven, you have your perfect Senses.

Gyn. Then I must be plainer; and be Witness, Love,
 I am compell'd; be Witness, Modesty,
 I now must blush for thee, more than myself:
 A Man! and be so cruel to a Lady!

Zelmane, either give Consent I shall
 Be welcome to thee; or I vow, by Heaven,
 To tell *Basilus* what thou art. I have
 Patience to let him court thee as a Woman;
 But when he sees his Love abuse his Privacy,
 And Daughters so dishonour'd, hadst thou a Thousand
 Lives, they were all forfeited by this
 So desperate Intrusion. Think upon't.

A Woman! I have lost thee; whither will
 The Tempest of my Fate inforce my Tongue?
 Yet be thou kind, *Zelmane*. If thou tak'st
 A Glory in my Suffering, *Philoclea*;
 Does that Name startle you? *Philoclea*,
 My Rival now -----

Pyr. Your Rival!

Gyn. Come, I'm familiar with ev'ry Thought;
Your dear Saint shall repent it, for this Hand
Shall take again the unlucky Life I gave her.
Turn not, *Gynecia*, Fury.

Pyr. I am lost,
In the same Minute I am found: I prithee
Do not forsake me, Heart; I never had
More Use of thee. Great Queen, can you forgive?

Gyn. And ask thy Pardon; but, believe me, 'twas
Your Strangeness did compel me to this Language.

Pyr. I never thought that Pity of another
Could be a Reason to betray myself;
But you have throughly charm'd me, and I must
Deliver up my Thoughts. The Truth is, Madam,
I am a Man; and, if you dare believe me,
A Prince. I must confess besides, *Gynecia*,
Since I came hither I have had some Sprinkling of
I know not what Affection to *Philoclea*:
For how could I imagine such a Blessedness
From you? But, if you mock not -----

Gyn. Joys reward your Pity.
Oh! pardon the over-charge'd *Gynecia*,
Whose Error may be yet made more excuseable
By the immortal Name of Love.

Pyr. This Grace is worth more than *Zelmene*; and yet I
Have nothing but myself to give you for it,
A small but free Gift; bestow me as you please.

Gyn. My Soul is narrow to receive this wide Blessing.

Pyr. But we must be wise,
It were not safe to be observ'd: Stand I
Discover'd to none else?

Gyn. To none.

Pyr. Then know,
I want no Apprehension of what
True Lovers would desire, but your Honour is
My own; if shortly, to secure 'em both,
You let me study an Opportunity,
I'll bring your Wishes home, and bless my Stars
That pointed me the glorious Fate. We are
Already interrupted.

Enter *Basilus* and *Philoclea*.

Bas. Do this, my dear *Philoclea*, and take
My Cares to thee; I'll call *Gynecia*

Away,

Away, and leave you both together. How
Faireth the best *Zelmane*?

Pyr. Still your Servant.

Baf. *Gynecia*.

Pyr. I cannot rule my Eyes; they will betray
My Cunning to *Gynecia*, if she go not
Hence quickly.

Phi. How is it with my virtuous *Amazon*?

Gyn. *Philoclea*.

Baf. Let her alone, they have some Business, Sweet.

Gyn. What Business can they have together?

Baf. Why art thou troubled? Thou wouldst be jealous
Of me, I see, were I in private with her.
Come, let 'em alone a while.

Gyn. Stay you, and spare not; I would employ *Philoclea*.

Baf. You shall obey me now; I prithee walk. [Exeunt.]

Phi. My Father, sweet *Zelmane*, to whose Command
I owe my Life -----

Pyr. First, let me give my Life
Up to these Lips, and take a new one from
This Kiss. Oh! dear *Philoclea*, contain
All other Breath; I know thy Father's Mind
Already, and must now beseech thy Patience
To a short Story which I must deliver,
Or die before thee. If it be within
My Destiny to be condemn'd by you,
At least know whom you Sentence. I am ----

Phi. What? I fear not well.

Pyr. Cannot your Eyes discover me? Have I a Shroud
To hide me from *Philoclea*? Did the Kiss
I gave thee last convey no Secret to thee?
There was a Spirit in my Lip assur'd me,
To save the tedious Trouble of my Language;
I heard it whisper something, did it not?
I would be fain undone.

Phi. Good Heaven forbid.

Pyr. You won't understand me yet, *Philoclea*;
Then I'll undo myself. I am not what
I seem, *Zelmane*, but -----

Phi. What?

Pyr. A Thing not worth the Name, if you frown on me---

Phi. A Man! Good Heaven! (A Man.)

Pyr. I have told you all the worst:
If it be no Offence to name a Prince
Whose Memory your own Breath oft hath sweeten'd,

I dare

I dare be call'd *Pyrocles* of *Macedon*;
Transform'd, by loving your fair Self, to this
Feminine Shape. If now I have not sinn'd
Above Forgiveness -----

Phi. Oh! *Pyrocles*!
Come not too near, I charge you. I would chide,
But dare not; would you had not told me this,
Indeed you were to blame; I must not hear you
Excuse yourself.

Pyr. She must not leave me thus;
But she returns.

Phi. I have lost myself already,
And Love is but a blind Guide to direct
My Virgin Steps. I fain would reply something,
But feel a Trembling in my Voice: *Zelmane*,
My Father! what Account shall I give him?

Enter Basilus.

I have said nothing he commanded.

Bas. She smiles!

Pyr. My Lord, I see you can use the Advantage,
And I did arm you against myself. I did not
Think, when I advis'd you make *Philoclea*
Your Advocate, she could so much have won
Upon me; but my Counsel has betray'd me:
Pray think me not immodest, if my Words
Do fall too rudely from me; your fair Daughter,
Whose Tongue would lay a Charm upon the Gods,
Hath gain'd all this.

Bas. The Gods reward her for it.

Phi. Was this his Plot!

Bas. A thousand Blessings over-take my Child;
But not a Word, not a Word, *Philoclea*,
To thy Mother.

Phi. I have learnt my Duty, Sir.

Pyr. Beshrew your Haste.

Bas. Remove, convey thyself away, dear Girl; I'll follow.

Phi. My Heart is full; and, tho' my Tongue denies
Him Farewel, he may read it in my Eyes. [Ex.]

Bas. I knew thou couldst not choose at last but give
My Heart an Audience; I am not myself
With the Imagination -----

Pyr. Of what?

Bas. Of any Thing. Come, I allow thee modest; it is not
Fit we should say our Pleasures, Sweet, but act them.

Pyr.

Pyr. You are too violent, my Lord; I shall Repent my Freedom, if you give no Limit To your Desires: If you do love your Servant, Husband your Flame that it may last.

Bas. It shall:

Pardon me, dear *Zelmane*, I have a Stock Of Blood, tho' you may think it cold, is high And active as the Veins of promising Youth; I wear this Snow but a Disguise.

Pyr. Poor Winter.

Bas. My Hairs are black at Root, and shall grow up Fair as the Ebony, and curl themselves Into a thousand pretty Caves, for Love Itself to fit, that best delights in Darkness.

Pyr. This will be strange.

Bas. 'Tis you that work these Miracles Upon *Basilius*: As I came hither I felt a Score of Years drop off, which hung Upon my Locks.

Pyr. A Score of Hairs, you mean; 'tis molting Time. [Aside.] Contain yourself awhile, you have A jealous Queen; and yet it goes against my Conscience. To wrong so sweet a Lady. Play, my Lord, Think better on't.

Bas. This does inflame me more:

Be not so cruel to remember her;
Thou must preserve my Life.

Pyr. Well, I have thought a Way Shall perfect all without Suspicion:
There is a Cave hard by, which Nature made,
Intending well to Lovers; thither will I,
With License of your Grace, pretending
To exercise a few Days some Devotions,
We *Amazons* have Obligation to,
At some convenient Hour.

Bas. May I come to thee?

Pyr. I'll give you Notice in some Evening.

Bas. *Zelmane*, now thou dost ravish me.

Pyr. You may, with Ease, secure all at the Lodge.

Bas. Most excellent.

Pyr. Imagine, Sir, the rest; but do not come till I desire you.

Bas. Be not tedious then: I will prepare all this.

Pyr. I hope you do not
Conclude me impudent, that I incline
To do this for you: By my Hopes of a bliss'd

Eternity.

Eternity, nor Love, nor Lust, ere tempted
My Thoughts to yield thus much to any Man.
Be careful of my Honour.

Bas. Oh! divine *Zelmune*, keep my Soul. [Exit.]

Enter Musidorus.

Pyr. *Philocked* mine!

Mus. Oh! my dear *Pyrocles*!

Pyr. How is't, dear Cousin?

Mus. Never, till now, could you salute me happy;

The Gods have been propitious.

Pyr. Will she know thee yet?

Mus. There's nothing wants to make me perfect blest, but
But to hear thee pronounce thy Love as fortunate.

The envious Clouds, which interpos'd themselves

Like a dark Curtain o'er *Pamela's* Face,

Are drawn away, and I enjoy her Smile:

She does believe my Proofs, sweetly excusing

Her long Neglect, and promiserh as much

As I dare ask. She'll trust me with her Person;

I want but Opportunity to deceive

Our waking Dragons; and, in good Time---*Dametas!*

Enter Dametas.

Away, you shall know all my Fate hereafter.

Pyr. I joy in thy Success, pray thou for mine. [Exit.]

Dam. Where is this Rascal, *Dorus*?

Mus. Whether were I best to tell the King on't first, or seek
out *Dametas*? He'll never be able to spend it: There may
be Gold enough to purchase Half *Arcadia*.

Dam. Um! what's that?

Mus. I'll seek him out, at all Adventures. Oh! Sir! pray
is this Gold?---And this? and this?

Dam. Ha! Gold! Yes, very good Gold! Where hadst it?

Mus. You shall hear more hereafter.

Dam. *Dorus*, honest *Dorus*, put on thy Hat! Where!
where hadst it?

Mus. Did you never hear of one *Aristomines*?

Dam. He was banish'd *Arcadia*.

Mus. Was he rich?

Dam. Infinite rich. So rich---

Mus. 'Tis so: Belike he there had all his Treasure.

Dam. What Treasure! Where is't? honest *Dorus*, tell me?

Mus. You are my Master, and may be my Father.

Dam.

Dam. My Son, *Dorus*, *Mopsa* is thine : An she where made of as pure Gold as this, thou shouldst touch her and melt her.

Mus. Well, I see it was ordain'd to make you rich : In Duty I'll discover it ; and yet----

Dam. Ont with it, good *Dorus* ?

Mus. Well----sitting beneath an Oak, that shall be nameless, I chanc'd to turn up some Turf with my Mole-Spade.

Dam. With thy Mole-Spade ? What then ?

Mus. I saw a yellow Brightness peeping out o' th' Ground ; which, when I came to examine, prov'd this Metal. I, this was the first.----You're sure 'tis Gold.----You shall pardon me for the rest ; but if these will do you any Pleasure, or twenty more----

Dam. Nay, good, honest *Dorus*, proceed ?

Mus. Why, the Truth is, I suspect where a great Treasure has been long buried. These, it seems, were scatter'd, when the rest went to the Pit-hole.

Dam. But where is this Place, good *Dorus* ? Thou hast no more about thee ?

Mus. No ; but if you please to furnish me with Tools, I'll try the Bottom. I digg'd till I came to a Stone, whose Inscription promis'd something worth a Man's Labour.

Dam. Did it sound ?

Mus. Melodiously : A golden Tune.

Dam. Where ? where ? Thou mayst tell me ; thou knowest I am secret.

Mus. For *Mopsa*'s Sake I will reveal it. You know the Oak where you first met me ?

Dam. Ha, very well.

Mus. On the right Side of that same spreading Tree Lies all this Riches.

Dam. As thou'rt honest ?

Mus. As I hope to be dear *Mopsa*'s Husband, I'll get strong And bring you better Proof. (Tools,

Dam. Stay, *Dorus*, stay : Let me see, As I intend to be your Father, *Dorus*, And so, in *Mopsa*'s Name, make you my Heir Of all my Wealth ; good *Dorus*, I am yet, Till Things and Things be done, your Master, *Dorus* : Besides, that Ground is mine ; the Oak is mine, Where under lies this Treasure. I am Lord, Lord of the Soil, my *Dorus* ; of the Soil. I am content to be a Ground for you To build your Hopes on, *Dorus* ; but my Ground

No Man shall dig or build on but myself :

On such as this, be there a Mine

Of coin'd, or uncoin'd Metal, it is mine ;

All may be yours another Day, my *Dorus*.

Mus. I know my Duty, Sir ; and cannot think

The Gods had e'er allotted my free Mind

To serve you, but for some strange End.

Dam. In this thou shewst it. Keep all close ; not a Word,

Dorus. I take no Leave ; be careful, my good *Dorus*, of

my young Madam : 'Tis a Charge I turn over to thee, overlook her well.

Mus. I mean to do it doubly.

Dam. How ! have you a double Meaning ?

Mus. I mean with double Care.

Dam. Honest *Dorus*, 'tis the last Service I shall put thee to.

Mus. I hope so to.

[*Aside*.

Dam. Now to the Oak, my golden Land-Mark.

Mus. Load a Horse with Tools, Sir.

Dam. Mattocks and Shovels.

Mus. Hooks and Ladders.

Dam. Spades and Pickaxes.

Mus. Ropes and Daggers. You'll have no Help ?

Dam. No, no ; a Man's own Toil

Sweeter the Profit makes, in his own Soil.

[*Exit*.

Mus. Go thy Ways, for the Lord of th' Soil.

There's one Block out of th' Way ; the golden Fly

Enter Miso.

Has caught this Trout. My jealous Mistress ; I

Hope she o'er-heard not.

Mis. Oh, that my Ears had been long enough to have heard some of their precious Knavery.

Mus. It were but Charity to tell her on't : Little does my Mistress think what a Flesh-fly my Master is.

Mis. What says the Knave ?

Mus. Tho' she be a little stricken in Years, she is handsome enough for as good a Man as *Dametas* ; and he to run neighing o' this Fashion after a Blowze, and then put me to make Excuse for him, 'tis not right.

Mis. Oh, fidious Rascal ! I thought there was some Roguery. *Dorus*, as thou com'st of a Woman, tell me ?

Mus. What, Forsooth ?

Mis. Oh, naughty Man, to use an honest Woman the wrong Way thus. Have I been married so many Years, and carried myself like his lawful Wife uprising and down lying, as they say,

say, so even, and jump with his Desires, to be thus handled? But I'll be reveng'd; it shall fall heavy upon his Head for this, I warrant him: Nay, I did always suspect him for a Colt.

Mus. What mean you, Forsooth?

Mis. Come, I over-heard somewhat to my Grief; and therefore leave your Boggling, and your trim-tram Tricks. You must not flap me o' th' Mouth with Fleering and with Flams, whilst he---

Mus. Claps up another betwixt thee---Ah, Ha! Mistress, Mistress; but you say you over-heard, and therefore if you know whither he is gone, you may come two Hours hence Time enough to prevent the Blow.

Mis. If thou lookst to have my Daughter, with-----Mark what I say-----

Mus. With Father's Mark, and Mother's Mark, and every Mark about her.

Mis. If thou conceal any Thing in this Case, thou knowst no Case of her: Nay, tho' thy Teeth water out the Liquor of thy Life, thou shouldst not get a Bit, the worst Bit of her.

Mus. Be more charitable.

Mis. Or if thou chance to get her against my Will, I'll teach her a Trick of the Mother shall make thee curse her, and all the Brood she came on.

Mus. What is *Charity* to me? I know you heard him name her.

Mis. *Charity*!

Mus. I will discharge my Conscience; and yet if you over-heard us, without my telling, you know where he appointed to meet her this Evening at *Mantineia*, at her Father's, in *Ondemion-Street*.

Mis. *Ondemion-Street*?

Mus. I do not betray him: Now if you provide so happily to take 'em at it, Mistress, at it.

Mis. I, at it: How I itch to be at it?

Mus. Saddle your Mare.

Mis. They shall not 'scape with Half an Eye betwixt them. [Exit.

Enter Pamela and Mopsa.

Mus. I have given her the Bells, and she will fly to the Devil.-----Here comes t'other; I have given her Physick already fit for her Constitution, and now it works.

Pam. How comes it, *Mopsa*, that you are so taken, So list'd up with high Concoct?

Mop. Who? I!

Pam. Yes, *Mopsa*, you: D'ye think I cannot judge
By outward Gestures, and your Looks, what Joy
Doth inwardly possess you?

Mop. Who? me!

Pam. Yes, you again: An it were not over Boldness
To request some Knowledge of the Cause---

Mop. Rest you content: You are a Princess born, I might
have been so to. Somebody may be a Queen before you, make
what you can of that.

Pam. Oh, Fate, how's this!

Mop. There is a Tree, and there is Things worth wish-
ing; and some may wish, and Wishes may be had: Make
what you can of that too.

Mus. To my Wish it works.

[*Aside.*

Pam. But, *Mopsa*, may I not beseech a Word
That may be to my Understanding.

Mop. You may know more hereafter; but, till then, I
must presume upon your princely Patience to keep your Cham-
ber, it is now my Reign, and do not dare to follow.

Pam. Not I: When you are drawn up to Majesty,
I can but wish you graciously would then
Remember the Obedience of your Handmaid,
That first submits herself to your Command.

Mop. I faith I will, *Pamela*, and reward it. Go in,
sweet Lady; on my Royal Word, I will. [Exit *Pam.*

Mus. She has spy'd me.

[*Aside.*

Mop. Happy *Dorus*!

Mus. What will my *Mopsa* say, when she has climb'd
The Tree of Happiness?

Mop. I, I the Tree! when I climb that Tree! Honey,
Dorus, tell me it over again? My dear Bird, what did *Ju-*
piter to *Apollo*?

Mus. Upon some Falling-out, I told you, *Jupiter* threw
Apollo out of Heaven; and, his Deity taken away, he was
fain to live upon the Earth, and keep *Admetas's* Cattle. In
the Time of his Service, being sent to fetch a Breed of Beasts
out of *Arcadia*, in this very Defart he grew faint and weary,
and would needs rest himself on the Boughs of an Ashen-Tree.

Mop. The Tree we wor of. On, sweet Bird.

Mus. *Apollo* in that Tree, calling to mind his Quarrel
with *Jupiter*, became very sorrowful; and, pitifully com-
plaining to his Father, asking him Mercy for having offended
him, was from that Tree receiv'd into his golden Sphere, and
made a God again.

Mop.

Mop. Oh! brave!

Mus. Having the perfect Nature of a God, never to be ungrateful, he then granted a double Life to *Admetas*; and, because that Tree was Chapel of his happy Prayers, to it he gave this Quality-----

Mop. Now it comes!

Mus. That whosoever sat down in that Tree, in like Estate and Sort as he did then-----

Mop. Oh, now! now! now!

Mus. Should forthwith have their Wish.

Mop. Oh, the Tree! the Tree! the Tree!

Mus. The King understood thus much by Oracle, and try'd himself; but being neither Herdman, as then *Apollo* was, nor of the Race which is necessary, deliver'd this Secret to your Father, but made him swear to wish by his Direction. For his own Benefit, *Dametas* told it me, and is now gone to furnish himself with a scarlet Cloak, for in that he must be muffled, just as *Apollo* was. I might now prevent 'em all, and be King myself; but what have I to wish, more than the Love of *Mopsa*? which, since without more charming Force you yield me, I'll fit you with a Cloak, and then wish what you will yourself.

Mop. I'll be Queen, or *Apollo* shall never look me in the Face again. Quickly! sweet *Dorus*! Come, muffle me; I long to be Queen; and my Father shall ask me Blessing. [Ex.



A C T III.

Enter Rebels and Thumb.

Capt. COME, my Masters, let us be resolute: Is there any Man that will justify himself to be sober amongst us?

2d Reb. No, hang Sobriety.

Capt. We must be valiant: The King, I say again, has left us; and, since he scorns our Company, for my Part, I scorn to be his Subject.

3d Reb. I, I scorn Subjects: I'll be an Emperor.

2d Reb. It is Time to look into the Government; none but Gentlemen are of his Council: I see no Reason, since the Country is ours, but we should have a Stroke in the State.

Capt. That was bravely spoke, my Bully. He, by *Mars's* Gantlet,

Gantlet, spoke like a Soldier: I do not like the Carriage of the secret Councils.

3d Reb. Nor I; nor any Body.

Thumb. Take Heed, my Matters.

3d Reb. Let's hear Thumb, the Miller.

Thumb. We met together to drink, in Honour of the King's Birth-Day; and tho' we have tickled the Cannikins, let us be merry and wise, that's my Opinion. No Treason; the King is an honest Gentleman, and so is the Queen.

3d Reb. Very wisely spoken.

Capt. But shall be govern'd by *Philonax*.

2d Reb. Who knows but he has made away the King?

Thumb. Made away the King; who, honest *Basilus*? Ask the King who has made him away. By this Hand, if I thought they had made him away, I would make some Body away, tho' I hang'd for't. But, Neighbours, for my own Part, I will join with you in any Thing that is honourable; d'ye mark, honourable: But I say still, I am clear of Opinion it is not amiss to be merry and wise. Gentlemen, my Name's *Thumb*.

3d Reb. I, *Tom*.

Thumb. And I'll be o' your Side howsoever.

3d Reb. A great Spirit.

Capt. Shall I speak for-you?

Omnes. I, I, agreed; you shall be Captain.

Capt. Why then, let me alone: I will know a Reason why he has left the Government, without our Consents to depose him. 'Tis wisely spoken, my brave Men o' th' Commonwealth; we will have other Laws, and the Old shall be executed.

3d Reb. I, I, hang the old Ones.

2d Reb. 'Tis a Discredit for any Subjects, as we are, to have a King, as if we were not able to govern ourselves.

Capt. Stroak up thy Forehead, thou wert born to be a Statesman: Be rul'd by me, we'll have no Justice in *Arcadia*.

2d Reb. How!

Capt. No Justice; why should we lose our Liberties? and, being free Men, upon any Occasion suffer ourselves to be bound over.

Thumb. Gentlemen Citizens, it were very good you would take into your Consideration the Statute against Drunkenness.

Capt. It shall be lawful for any Man to be drunk, without forfeiting or paying any Thing to the Poor.

Thumb. Very good; every Man drink away his Estate, and then Charity begins at Home.

Capt.

Capt. No Man shall marry.

2d Reb. That's worse than the Statute against two Wives.

Capt. For every Woman shall be common.

3d Reb. Every Woman common; what shall we do with all the proper Women in *Arcadia*?

Capt. They shall be common too.

3d Reb. Oh! rare! and what shall we do with all the Prisoners?

Capt. Set 'em on fire, 'twill warm the City when there is cold Doings.

2d Reb. What with the Prisoners?

Capt. Put 'em in Possession of their Creditors Lands: They are the only Men fit for Authority; for no Men are used worst, and they will know the better to domineer: Nay, we'll have admirable Laws, but who shall be this Embassador to the King?

4th Reb. Me, me; choose me, Captain.

Thumb. Choose you Captain! Haberdasher of small Wares! choose you a Capon. I'll be the Embassador; ever, while you live, let a bold Man be Embassador, and one that has a Brain; I will not be meal-mouth'd.

3d Reb. Well said, Miller.

Capt. And, because we will be wise-----

Thumb. I, I, be merry and wise; ever, while you live, be sober and discreet.

Capt. Say, we attend here to do our Duties.

3d Reb. Duties; Oh, base.

Capt. Say so we must, he'll not come forth else.

4th Reb. What if I told his Highness there was a Dance to be presented! We are furnish'd with our Noise still.

Thumb. I, I do love this Noise with all my Heart.

2d Reb. Excellent! get you behind the Trees with your Instruments, and tune 'em ready. The new Frisk we danc'd at *Enispies* To-day, will serve rarely as the Prologue: Away. But, Captain, what shall we do with the King's Daughters?

Capt. I'll have one.

3d Reb. And I'll have t'other: Our Captain shall have the Queen.

2d Reb. And what shall we have?

Capt. There are Ladies about the Court will content you.

Thumb. I will have both the King's Daughters; and he that speaks against it-----

[*They fight.*]

Capt. Thumb! valiant *Thumb!* all Spirit! no Mutiny! no Mutiny! all of a Faction, together by the Ears, for a Piece of Venison!

Thumb.

Thumb. I will have both the King's Daughters, or else I shall not be satisfied.

Capt. First let us know the King's Resolution; and, if we like not our Conditions, the Hare's a-foot, and every Man take what Course he please in my Lord's Park.

Enter *Basilus, Gynecia, Pyrocles and Philoclea.*

But stay, the King: Um.

2d Reb. Speak, Captain.

Capt. If it please your Majesty----What was it resolv'd upon?

3d Reb. He's out; let me come to him. Prithee do thou tell him thy Mind, that delicom Wench has made my Teeth water-----

2d Reb. And drown'd thy Tongue; a Company of bashful Shrimps. If I but open my Mouth; I say no more.

Thumb. King, by your Leave? Which is the King? My Eyes twinkle. We have been playing the good Fellows, to celebrate your Majestical Birth-Day. Will your Grace see a Song?-----

3d Reb. A Dance.

Thumb. Or a Dance; all's one, our Feet are in Tune. Strike up behind the Tree; you are the King and I am the Miller, there's all the Difference. Sweet Ladies, my Name is *Thumb*.

Bas. This is Rudeness.

Gyn. Pardon their Simplicity.

Thumb. I'll have that Wench, she looks like *Hercules*.

Omnes. Stand.

Capt. We have Interrogations Points to put to you.

Bas. Treason! Treason!

Pyr. Barbarous Villains!

Basilus runs in. *A Bell rings.* *Philoclea and Gynecia hide themselves.* *Pyrocles fights with them.* *Basilus comes in, with a two-handed Sword; after some Skirmish, enter Philonax and Calander, with a Guard. The Rebels beaten off.*

Pyr. Where is *Philoclea*?

Phi. Here. Art thou not hurt, *Zelmane*?
My Soul, at every Stroke made against thee,
Was leaving my pale Body.

Pyr. Dear Madam, are you safe?

Bas. I think I have pepper'd some of 'em. *Philonax,*
'twas

'twas not amiss you came, but *Zelmane* and I should have made a shift.

Pyr. You alone, my Lord, were an Army, against such reeling Valours. I did not think you could have bestir'd yourself so well.

Bas. If I were in another Place alone with thee, I could bestir myself better.

Cal. I wish you would consider yet to quit This dangerous Kind of Life.

Philon. Had not the valiant *Amazon*, it seems, defend'd your Ere the Troops arriv'd, it might have prov'd too fatal. (Person,

Gyn. He play'd the Man indeed! The King is troubled, And thinks me jealous of him. Alas! old Man.

Bas. No more;
Wait upon our Queen and Daughter, we'll follow. [Ex.
I am wounded.

Pyr. How!

Bas. By thee, *Zelmane*.

Pyr. I see our Passions are the same, and I This Night resolve to wait for you in the Cave:

If you, when your *Gynecia* is a bed And fast asleep, (be sure of that) will please

To put yourself to a short Travel, I Shall not express your Welcome, but-----

Bas. Dear as my Soul, I apprehend my Comfort. One Kiss, in Earnest of the Million
Thou shalt receive; but carry it close, *Zelmane*. [Exeunt.

Enter Musidorus and Mopsa.

Mus. This is the Tree.

Mop. Oh, let me kiss its Toes.

Mus. Best lose no Time.

Mop. Hail upon, Hail sweet Tree; crown thee, and all thy Wishes. Oh, *Dorus*, up woome, *Dorus*; up woome, up woome, up woome, *Dorus*. Teach me to climb the right Way, prithee?

Mus. You must be muffled in the Cloak. So, now remember your Instructions; make first your Invocation to *Apollo*, as I told you. Which being done, employ your Mind with all Devotion to this Deity, until you hear a Voice call three Times on you, by your Name. Tho' you should think your Father, Mother, *Pamela*, or myself talk to you, answer not, they are Spirits that would delude.

Mop. Under three *Mopsas* I'll not talk to 'em; I'll not be cozen'd.

E

Mus.

Mus. Hold there, and you'll be happy.

Mop. I'll ask a King to my Husband, and thou shalt be he.

Mus. Your Invocation.

Mop. Into the great Ears of Apollo,
Now let my Invocation borrow:

Ob! thou that lightest all the Day,
For some to work and some to play,

By Owl-light now,
Incline a gracious Ear to me,
Thus muffled in thy wissing Tree,
Singing, whoop, whoop, whooe:

And pardon this my Subilty,
That I deceive the Passers-by;

I in this Bough
Do use the Accents of that Fowl,
Because I would be thought an Owl,
With whoop, whoop, whooe.

Enter Pamela.

Mus. She has done her Invocation.

Pam. Can she not hear us?

Mus. She shall hear us, but I have taken Order with her Eyes and Understanding too; she'll not believe us. Thou lovely Bird, Madge-Howlet.

Mop. That's a Spirit, in the Voice of, *Dorus*; but I'll not answer.

Mus. See, *Dorus* and *Pamela* both are here,
Whilst old *Dametas*, *Miso*, and their dear
Daughter are straggled forth: They, both together,
Are taking now their Flight, and who knows whither?

Pam. This is too plain.

Mop. Oh, cunning Devils! but I'll not hear, nor speak a Syllable.

Mus. If thou canst find a Tongue to tell *Dametas*,
Make known unto his Wisdom he is gull'd.
Take Courage, Madam, the Way lies fair before us,
And a Bark, already prepar'd, cries come aboard.
Farewel, Howlet.

[*Exeunt Musidorus and Pamela.*

[*Dametas sings within.*

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whooe---Hey! I hear another Singing-Spirit in my Father's Voice; be't *Apollo* himself, under three *Mopsas*, I'll not speak.

Enter

Enter Dametas.

Dam. This is the Tree, and here the Earth is broken,
The certain Sign left by my trusty *Dorus*.
Thou Mouth of the rich Treasure, I salute thee,
And kiss the Hole from whence shall come my Gold.

*Which being done, blithly to work I fall;
My Hand is in the Moon-shine, and up goes all.*

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whooe.

Dam. What's that, an Owl? Good Mistress *Margery*, I
am busy.

*Art thou Poor? and wouldst thou be
Advanc'd, by Wealth, to Dignity?
Do not think it then unmeet,
To stoop with Hands beneath thy Feet.
'Tis not with Hand over Head to be found;
No, no, thou must stoop,
Tho' thou holdst up thy Poop,
And grable for't in Ground.*

Ha! what's this? my Hand is in the Honey-pot, I think.
Um, um, I do not like the Softness; I did groap for harder
Stuff; if this be Gold, 'tis Liquid; and yet too thick to be
potable, as they say. It has a Kind of West, methinks, if I
have not lost a Sense upon the sudden, I smell. Call you this
Gold-finding?

Mop. I have an extreme List now, so I have, saving your
Presence, Devil, would restore your Sense.

Dam. What's this? a written Parchment: This may be
the Inventory of all the Treasure.

*Who hath his Hire, hath all his Labour plac'd;
Earth thou didst seek, and Store of Earth thou hast.*

How's this!

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whooe.

Dam. As sure as this is my own Nose, I am stinkingly
abus'd.

Mop. Ha! ha! ha!

Dam. Can Madge-Howlets laugh? that Laugh was like my
Daughter *Mopsa*.

Mop. There's one Time. Again, again, sweet *Apollo*.

Dam. 'Tis her Voice; what makes she there? Now the dread Vengeance of my dear fatherly Curse light over thwart thee, thou aukward Holding, *Mopsa*.

Mop. There's two Times; *Mopsa* once more, and 'tis *Apollo*.

Dam. Will you not answer, in the Devil's Name? *Mopsa*, I say. Oh! are you come? [He strikes, she falls.

Mop. Yes, yes, divine *Apollo*!

Dam. I'll unhood ye. Where's *Pamela*?

Mop. Thank your Deity.

Dam. Speak now, and tell me?

Mop. Answer my Wishes; as thou art *Phæbus*, as thou art *Apollo*, tho' in the Likeness of the Clown, my Father, grant me my Wishes first. I ask a King to be my Husband.

Dam. What talkest thou of a King? The King will hang thy Father, if *Pamela* be gone.

Mop. Let him be hang'd, I care not; but let *Dorus* be a King, and let him be my Husband, good *Apollo*.

Dam. She's stark-staring mad. Hast thou forgot thy Father? Where is thy Wit?

Mop. I do not ask for Wit, I tell thee; let me have a sufficient Husband, and let him be a King.

Dam. Thou shalt have thy Bellyful of Husbands.

Mop. Oh! that, that, that-----

Enter Miso.

Mis. I'll at you both! thou ribald Villain! and thou Harlot!

Dam. *Miso*, my Spouse, fal'n mad too! Thou wilt not beat thy Mother!

Mis. Oh, me!

Mop. I defy her and thee, an thou be'st not *Apollo*?

Dam. Oh, who has gull'd us all? Dear *Miso*, tender *Mopsa*, hear me. Before I open my Mouth, art not thou *Miso*? and thou my Daughter *Mopsa*? Oh! we are all undone! We are all undone!

Mop. Are not you God *Apollo*?

Dam. No, as ever I hope to see him, or any of his Fellows, in the Face again. I am mortal *Dametas*; and, I think, thy Father; I am sure I am by thy Mother's Side. Where is *Pamela* all this while? who's at Home?

Mop. As sure as you are my Father, and you my Mother, there's no Body at Home.

Dam. She's gone! she's gone!

Mop. *Dorus* and *Pamela*, or two Fiends with their Voices, past by whilst I was in *Apollo*'s Tree. *Mis.*

Mis. Apollo's Tree !

Dam. Cast off your Wonder ! I am not such an Ass, but
We are gull'd. (I perceive

Mop. So, Devil *Dorus*, told me.

Mis. Oh me, they are gone ! Was this your Care ?

Mop. Nay then, where was your own ?

Dam. Fall not at Odds 'bout that ; but, go with me,
And help me to 'scape the Gallows-tree. [Exit.

Enter Gynecia and Pyrocles, with a Taper.

Gyn. Did I not counterfeit an Infirmity ?

Pyr. Rarely ! How Love will prompt his Votary ?
The King suspects not what we purpose.

Gyn. 'Las ! poor Man, how careful he seem'd of my Health ?
And counsell'd me to Bed.

Pyr. I smil'd to see it.

Gyn. So soon as he is asleep, expect me.

Pyr. Stay, o' th' sudden I have thought upon a Way,
Blessed, blessed Minute.

Gyn. What's the Device ?

Pyr. You shan't go to Bed.

Gyn. Not I !

Pyr. Good Genius,
I will not trust our Work to Fortune : If
You should want Cunning in your Passions,
Or he should wake unhappily and find
You absent, all were lost ; to prevent this,
You shall not come to me, if there be Danger ;
'Tis fit I be expos'd, I'll take your Place,
And disarray me for *Basilus*' Bed.
D'ye mark, muffled up for your suppos'd
Distemper, let me alone to counterfeit
Dulness ; and, when his Senses are chain'd up
In Sleep, I will come down to th' Cave to you :
But take my Mantle, if any of *Dametas*'
People meet you.

Gyn. I will visit but my Closet
And follow thy Instructions. [Ex.

Pyr. If there be any Stars are kind to Love,
This Night shoot forth your golden Heads : Be thou,
Bright Moon, propitious ; on all Eyes, that would
Betray our Flight, cast out a fullen Mist,
And hide thy silver Crescent in a Cloud :
But to our Passage be a gentle Goddess,
And borrow of thy Brother yet more Light,

The

The Day may spare it. *Musidorus* is
Embark'd already with his Mistress ;
If I obtain *Philoclea's* Consent-----

Enter Gynæcia, with a golden Phial.

Gyn. Zelmane, now I am prepar'd.

Pyr. Haste to the Cave ; expect
Your Servant's Visit.

Gyn. And my Happiness.

[*Exit.*

Pyr. How rudely Vice becomes us ? Here's a Lady,
Whom never Fame yet blemish'd, now the Example
Of *Cupid's* Tyranny ; Love transforms us all,
And fools our Understandings : I pity her.
Now are *Basilus's* Thoughts in Motion,
And hurry him to the same Licentiousness :
There is warm Snow, I see. He delays Time,
In hope to find his Queen asleep, whose Place
I must assume for once : Love dwells upon
A Cliff, and all the Ways to our enjoying
Are difficult and rugged.

But I forget *Basilus*, I must

Compose me for his Bed : I shall not be
Much troubled ; good old King, he wishes me [*Lutes and*
Good Rest, I know, and secure Dreams. Oh ! see, *Recorders.*
Philoclea, what Ways I come to thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Basilus.

Bas. These Sounds may charm her into Slumbers sweetly ;
Oh ! steal into her, hang upon her Heart ;
Come, fix your gentle Raptures in her Soul,
That it may take Delight to be o'ercome
And never wake the Body, till *Basilus*
Return, with happy Conquest, from *Zelmane* :
Or, if there be a leaden God of Sleep,
Here let him shake his Wings, and then dispatch
A Herald to the silent House of Dreams,
To bring one hither happier than the Rest

Enter Philoclea.

To entertain my melancholly Queen. Oh, *Philoclea*,
Thy Mother will excuse thee this Night's Duty ;
Do not disturb her, yet your Voice and Lute
I'll th' next Chamber may procure her Sleep ;
That done, without more Ceremony, go

To

To Bed. So, so, my Blood begins to move : [*Exit Philoc.*
She's fast, I hear her, and the Musick ceas'd ;
Now to *Zelmane*. [*Exit.*

Enter Philoclea.

Phi. I'm troubled, and dare not go to Bed ;
There's something whispers to my Soul, this will
Be a fatal Night. My Mother is not well,
I must needs see her.-----Ha ! the Gods protect me !

Enter Pyrocles.

Pyr. If there were any Treason meant against
Philoclea, her Prayers were vainly offer'd,
Since her own Innocence is Protection
As powerful as the Gods. I bring no Horror
To fright your Blood ; d'ye not know me, Lady ?
I was *Zelmane*.

Phi. Was !

Pyr. I have been
So watched by your jealous Mother.

Phi. Ha !

Pyr. But I forget.

Phi. What mean you ?

Pyr. To make fast the Doors :
If I could bar all the Air out, save what
Your Breath should draw, for I should live by that,
You would not chide my Care.

Phi. You make me tremble.

Pyr. If you cannot forgive me, punish, pray,
This Rudeness with my Death. I prostrate to
Your Feet my Sword, and call you to my Breast
To meet your Anger ; at this Distance beg
I may behold you : But when you shall find,
In the Dissection of my Heart, whose Name
Hath fill'd it, and with what Religion there
My Thoughts adore your Memory, too late
It may invite your Tears. Can fair *Philoclea*
Think I have a Soul that dare be wicked to her ?
Such Looks would charm a Ravisher, and throw
Ice thro' a Satyr's Blood ; but a Man, chaste
Already, it draws up to the Simplicity
And Nature of an Angel. Oh ! *Philoclea* !
I am so far from being ill myself
In such a sensual Way, that altho' Time
And this fair Opportunity might tempt

And

And excuse wanton Heat, I should repent,
 Forget to love yourself if you, but with
 One Thought so treacherous to your Virgin-Honour,
 Should give Consent to enjoy you: It hath Snow
 Upon my Blood, *Philoclea*, whose Flowings
 Are chaste as Chrystal. Dare you trust me yet
 To kiss your Hand? my Lips shall gently touch it,
 Nor will I leave a Breath to stain the Whiteness.
 Pray, be not fearful.

Phi. Sin did never yet prophane that Voice.

Pyr. When it sounds lustfully,
 Your Hate, a Punishment next the Wrath of Heaven,
 Strike my Heart dead. ----- Be pleas'd to rest a little,
 And, if you dare vouchsafe me to sit so near you,
 I have much to tell you.

Phi. I know not what to say! Where is my Father?
 I had a Mother too! this Chamber they
 Us'd to call theirs.

Pyr. They are safe, *Philoclea*;
 Let not your Cheek look pale, their Absence wrought,
 For such a Minute, doth encourage me
 To tell you, now or never you must shew
 There dwells a Pity in you. Oh! look smooth
 On him, whose Life and Fortunes you may now
 Advance or ruin ever. If you can
 Remember who I am, and what your Virtue
 Hath made me suffer, think me worthy of
 A Life; let it begin, from your Consent,
 To love poor *Pyrocles*. 'Tis in your Power
 To be no more a Prisoner to this rude
 And solitary Dwelling; such a Brightness
 Is lost in Caves: Extend your Arm and reach
 A Throne; where, seated with becoming Greatness,
 You may disperse, with moving of your Eye,
 An Influence beyond the Stars, and quicken
 A World that waits to be your Creature.

Phi. Pyrocles,
 For so you call yourself, and such I dare
 Believe you are, for Falshood cannot dwell
 A Neighbour to that Tongue; altho' I might
 Demand, with Reason and my Duty, first
 What does concern my Parents, such a Truth
 Shines in your Language, and such Innocence
 In what you call Affection, I must
 Declare you have not plac'd one good Thought here,

Which

Which is not answer'd with my Heart: The Fire
Which sparkled in your Bosom, long since leap'd
Into my Breast; and there burns modestly;
It would have spread into a greater Flame,
But still I curb'd it with my Tears. Oh! *Pyrocles*!
I would thou wert *Zelmune* again; and yet,
I must confess, I lov'd thee then, I know not
With what prophetick Soul; but I did wish
Often, thou wert a Man, or I no Woman.

Pyr. Thou wert the Comfort of my Sleep.

Phi. And you the Object of my Watches, when the Night
Wanted a Spell to cast me into Slumber;
Yet when the Weight of my own Thoughts grew heavy
For my tear-dropping Eyes, and drew these Curtains,
My Dreams were still of thee: Forgive my Blushes
And the Imagination, thou wert then
My harmless Bedfellow.

Pyr. I arrive too soon at my Desires: Gently, Oh! gently
These Joys into me, lest at once let fall
I sink beneath the Tempest of my Blessings,
And you swell my Heart too fast. (drop)

Phi. If you be *Pyrocles*,
You will rest satisfy'd with this Confession;
You only shall obtain my Love.

Pyr. Altho' my Soul acknowledge this a Blessing,
Such as no Service can reward enough;
There remains something, which your Honour
May easily consent to, in this Absence
Of both your Parents; whom, with several Promises
Of my Return, I have already sent
To th' Cave, where they in vain this Night expect me.
We must forsake this Place; I have provided
For our Conveyance to my Father's Kingdom,
If, after all these Arguments of Love,
You dare trust *Pyrocles* to convey you thither.

Phi. I dare give thee my Life; but, pardon me,
This is not safe: Thus seeking to assure,
You may untimely happen lose *Philoclea*.
My Duty binds me not to rob my Parents;
Such a Departure may undo their Comforts.
As you're a Prince, perswade me not commit
So unnatural a Trespass; we'll expect,
And satisfy our young Desires, till Time
Mature our Joy. I could content myself
To look on *Pyrocles*, and think it Happiness

Enough ; or if my Soul affect Variety
Of Pleasure, every Accent of thy Voice
Shall court me with new Rapture ; and if these
Delights be narrow for us, there is left
A modest Kiss, whose every Touch conveys
Our melting Souls into each other's Lips.
Why should not you be pleas'd to look on me ?
To hear, and sometimes kiss *Philoclea* ?
Indeed you make me blush.

Pyr. What an Eclipse

Hath that Veil made ? it was not Night till now !
Look ! if the Stars have not withdrawn themselves
As they had waited on her richer Brightness ;
And, missing of her Eyes, are stolen to Bed.
What World of Beauty is behind that Cloud !
But keep it still conceal'd ; and let the Creatures,
When they shall miss Day (for the same, without
Thine Eyes, will glimmer like a petty Taper)
Fear to be lost in Darkness, and expect
No Light to follow, but from those wide Flames
Which Heaven hath threaten'd to destroy the World.
When thou hast frighted us, renew again
Our State, and cure again the fainting Universe ;
One Look restores all.-----Ha ! *Philoclea* !

Phi. There's something that sits heavy on my Forehead :
I know you cannot but be noble ; pray,
A little Sleep : If I exceed three Minutes,
Prithee wake me.

Pyr. Ha ! I do not like.

Her Senses should be snatch'd away so strangely,
'Tis an ill Omen. I should trespass much
Gainst Manners to disturb her ; besides, she
Did make it her Request, whose Will is sacred :
Then gently may she sleep ; and yet, if she
Draw out this Slumber to any Length, my Hopes
Are blasted. If I lose this Opportunity
Of Flight, no Hope hereafter can relieve us,
We are both undone. She sleeps still, I was not
Quick enough to perswade her Resolution,
Tho' so necessary ; yet look up, *Philoclea*.
No ; then enjoy thy Dream, and let us try
The Kindness of our Fate ; pity a harsh
Sound should disturb thy soft Repose. I would,
But dare not steal a Kiss for fear 'twill wake her,
And yet my loud Voice may be more offensive.

Our

The ARCADIA.

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Our Souls are knit, I see, into one Love,
Then 'tis but Reason they should exercise
Both the same Act, why do not I sleep too?
The Mist is fall'n already; if I but dream of her,
My Slumbers shall be happy. [He sleeps.

Enter Dametas, as from a Vault.

Dam. There be more Ways to the Wood then one, she may
be in her Sister's Chamber: I may thank my Acquaintance with
the Buttery, and a Trap-Door, for this Passage. She has shut
me out of Doors of all. Um, a Sword; I had rather it were
Pamela naked, I durst undertake to handle her with less Fear.
Um, *Philoclea*; 'tis she, and this is-----No, this is not *Pa-*
mela; she was a Woman, unless she be crept into Breeches
since I left her. No, 'tis a Man, here is no tarrying for me!
An he were not soundly asleep, my Smell were enough to
wake him.-----Treason! Treason! [Exit.

Pyr. Ha! what Voice is that? Who cries out Treason?

Phi. Pyrocles! what's the Matter?

Pyr. Nothing.

Within. Treason! Treason!

Pyr. Hark! is't not Treason? My Sword, my Sword
is gone: We are betray'd! some Thief has been
Within the Chamber; yet the Doors are safe: Ha!
Let's see, search every where. Alas! *Philoclea*,
If now I must be ravish'd from thee, how
Can there be Charity enough on Earth
To pity me? They die but once, who still
Despair of Bliss; but the Fates twice destroy
A Lover, whom they kill so near his Joy. [Exeunt.



A C T IV.

Enter Rebels.

Capt. **C**OME, my Bloods, since there is no Hope of our
Pardons, let us be honest Outlaws one to another,
and do all the Mischief we can. We are Masters
of the Woods, and we will domineer like Lords of the Soil.
I say we will live; we will eat, and we will drink.

3d Reb. Would I were at my Forge again.

Capt. *Arcadia* shall be thy Anvil, Smith, and thou may'st
live to beat great Men to Dust.

F 2

2d Reb.

The ARCADIA.

2d Reb. Some of them are so rotten, they will save us a Labour.

Capt. Be resolute, and strike the Iron while it is hot ; where is the little Miller ?

3d Reb. Thumb, the Miller, "is cut off.

Capt. Who can help it ? be not Crest-faln, but shew yourselves Cocks of the Game. We'll make the State fend for us Home, and agree to our own Conditions ; let us therefore play the Thieves manfully.

3d Reb. And so be hang'd honourably.

Capt. Hang, hanging ; we defy the Laws, and we will execute when we list in our own Quarters. We will rob Man, Woman and Child.

2d Reb. Do you fight with the Men, and let me alone with the Women.

3d Reb. And *Thumb,* had he been alive, had been a fit Match for the Children.

Enter 4th Rebel.

4th Reb. A Prize ! a Prize, Captain ! I saw a Gentleman and a Lady strike into a Grove hard by. Their Horses are, for their better Behaviour, already bound to a Tree : Follow me, and I'll conduct you.

Capt. Without Noise or Tumult, let's steal upon them.

Enter Musidorus and Pamela.

Pam. This Grove is all one Bower, Nature herself Must be delighted to dwell here : The Sun Can shoot no Beam upon us thro' this Arbor, Tho' he does rage Abroad.

Mus. The Heat betrays
The Sun is angry, Madam, to see you,
Whose Brightness takes all Wonder from his Shine,
And leaves him a pale Star.

Pam. You compliment.

Mus. Are you not weary, Madam ?

Pam. I shall never,
In thy Society ; yet we may rest
A little in this Shade. Oh ! *Musidorus !*
He should be Enemy to Virtue now,
To cherish one suspicious Thought of thee :
Some wild licencious Prince had now undone me ;
And, careless of his own, ruin'd my Honour.

Mus. It were not simple Theft, but Sacrilege
To rob you of one peaceful Thought : If any

Service

Service already have obtain'd so much
Trust, I am so familiar with mine own
Desires, that hereafter I'll deserve to keep
Your fair Opinion of me. Lust could never
Intrude himself a Guest here; I should not
Love mine own Eyes, had they been but tempted
To see an unchaste Picture with Delight.

Pam. What's that behind the Trees?

Mus. Nothing, the Birds are dancing on the Leaves,
Call'd hither by the Musick of your Tongue:
Those that are silent, do but listen to
Your Voice to mend their Singing.

Pam. Still, methinks, I hear another Noise.

Mus. It is your Fear.

Pam. There's something whispers -----

Mus. Shall I tell *Pamela*?

Pam. Pray, if you can.

Mus. It is the Wind, that would
Steal thro' the Boughs to give you more Refreshing,
Whom the Trees envy: I do hear it murmur
To be kept from your Lips, which it would kiss;
And, mixing with your Breath, catch Odours thence,
Enough to sweeten all the Wood; there can
No other Danger enter here, [*The Rebels seize upon Pamela.*]

Pam. We are betray'd: Help!

Mus. Ha, Villains! y'had better lay violent Hands
Upon your Mothers.

Capt. Let your Courage cool; and hear us, you were best:
If you do love this Gentlewoman's Life, put up your Tool.
D'ye see this Bodkin, Sir? With it I'll punch her Heart, if
you but offer a Blow at any of my Train: I'll do't, as I'm a
true Rebel; and, for the more Security, deliver up your
Winnyard to our Use, or I'll make an Outlet-Hole presently.

Pam. Do not resign your Sword, but use it.

Mus. Hold! hear me!

Pam. Let us both die with Honour; do not give
Your Strength and Trust t' the Mercy of those Slaves,
Inhuman Villains to us.

Mus. But thy Life.----As you are Men, but hear me.

Capt. Drop your Steel quickly, or -----

Mus. Alas! she is my Wife.

2d Reb. Your Wife: If you love her, be not troublesome,
I tell you again.

Pam. *Pamela* bids thee fight; fear not for me,
if I die I shall not be dishonour'd,

And

And thou shalt take a brave Revenge on them ;
Pity not me to lose us both, we'll meet
Again in Death and Love eternally.

Mus. My Soul's divided ; shall I venture her ?

Capt. I'll stay no longer.

Mus. Hold, and take my Sword ;
But swear, by some Religion, you will use
No Violence to her.

3d Reb. We swear.

Capt. So, first and foremost throw his Sword out of the
Way, we have no Use on't ; secondly, bind him to a Tree.

Mus. Set her at Liberty,
And use what Cruelty you please on me ;
Kill me, and I'll forgive you.

3d Reb. Forgive us ! Heaven forgive thee, say thy Prayers.

Mus. I see there's Pity in you ; if your Wants
Counsel you to this sinful Trade, we both
Will freely give our Wealth ; we have some Jewels
Of Value to redeem you all, and make
You Rich, if you dare first be so in Goodness,
And exercise no Tyranny upon
Our Bodies. What a Misery it is
Such Spirits as you are should not have Fortunes
High as your Thoughts, when every Dunghill Fellow
Surfeits with Honours and Estates, and vomits
In Taverns what would keep your Families ;
But 'tis the Time's Disease, when Merit thus
Disgrac'd and unrewarded by the State
Makes Subjects desperate.

3d Reb. He says true.

Mus. I prithee take my Cloaths ; would they were rich
And worth your Pillage, any will serve me.

3d Reb. Alas ! good Gentleman, lets e'en strip him.

Capt. None dare to take a Skirt.

Mus. Perhaps for some Offences you are banish'd,
Your Houses and Estates -----

2d Reb. For nothing, but being drunk-----

3d Reb. And offering to kill the King.

4th Reb. He will not live amongst us, as a good King
ought.

Mus. Alas ! good Men, I do presume you would not have
kill'd the King in any Malice to him.

3d Reb. I love the King with all my Heart, and a Pox
take him that does not ; would he wou'd but pardon us ?

1st Reb. There's no Hope now, we have submitted our-
selves too often.

Mus.

Mus. Yet let him hear well of you; and, the
Necessity compel you to be Thieves,
Be honest Thieves, and ravish no Body;
And this Report arriving at his Ears,
It inclines him to have Pity on you,
And call you to his Favour.

Capt. Unhand the Gentlewoman, he that offers her but a
wry Look had better eat my Sword-----

3d Reb. Or my Scabbard, tho' it have been pist in.

2d Reb. Faith, Captain, he hath given us good Counsel,
let us deal honestly; if we take away but all they have, they
will have more Cause to speak well of us.

Capt. Unbind the Malefactor.

3d Reb. Shall I give him his Sword?

Capt. His Sword, thou ignorant Thief, no: So he may
chance to ask us again for his Jewels. Take thy *Penelope*,
sweet-tongu'd *Ulysses*, and on the next Bank smoothen her in
Kisses.----Farewel.

Mus. Oh! my *Pamela*!

3d Reb. Captain! Captain, come back! he calls her *Pa-
mela*! that should be the King's Daughter.

Capt. How? Um; now I look better on her, I have seen
that Face in a Mask before now.

Mus. We are lost again.

Pam. I am the same *Pamela*.

2d Reb. What have we done? Here are all your Jewels,
not a Stone diminish'd.

3d Reb. If there be, let me be gelded.

Pam. I easily forgive all, and will be
So far from a Complaint, that I'll plead for
Your Pardons to my Father, and he shan't
Be able to deny me.

Omnes. A Pardon! a Pardon! if it please your Highness,
we'll go back with you.

Pam. Not with me.

Capt. As we are true Men and Thieves, Madam.

Pam. We are undone again.

Mus. At our Return, I'll join with her.

3d Reb. Return! Why, whither are you going so far from
the Lodge, this is the Way to the Sea?

Capt. Um, I guess Treason; are not you, an't shall please
your Ladyship, running away with this Gentleman?

2d Reb. He said, she was his Wife.

3d Reb. I do not like him.

Capt. Lay Hands on him again; well thought upon, you
shall justify yourselves before the King. *Mus.*

Mus. Dare you go to the King without a Pardon?

2d Reb. 'Tis the only Way to procure one.

Mus. Rather go with us; and, as I am ----

3d Reb. What are you?

Mus. I am----I know not.

Capt. We'll teach you to know yourself; away with 'em, we are all made.

Mus. Villains and Rebels. [Exit.

Enter Basilus and Gynecia.

Bas. *Zelmane* has abus'd me.

Gyn. Chide not her,

'Twas mine own Plot to try your Constancy.

Death seize upon *Zelmane* for his coming, [Aside.

But I will be reveng'd. When did I fall

From my high Birth? In what lascivious Action

Lost I my Fame, that this *Basilus*

Should wrong his own *Gynecia*?

Bas. I am asham'd, I prithee chide no more;

She gave me fure some Philter to betray

My Blood to this Dishonour.

Gyn. Tho' your Lust

Mis'd the enjoying her, for whom your Heart

Grew wanton, yet the Sin cannot be purg'd;

They are adulterate Sheets, and those Embraces

Which lock'd mine Arms thy Guilt; not one warm Kiss,

But was intended for *Zelmane's* Lips.

Oh! my Fate.

Bas. Prithee, forgive.

Gyn. The Silence which I us'd,

I wish'd might save my Modesty a Language

To accuse you now; indeed you have done ill,

To use me thus.

Bas. My Love to thee hereafter

Shall redeem all; wound me no more, I prithee.

Gyn. If Vice have so possess'd you, that my Bed

Is now grown hateful, make me not the Scorn

Of all your Kingdom; send me home again

To *Argos*, to wear out my Life in weeping:

My Lord has quite forsaken me!

Bas. Not for

The Crowns of *Greece*, and all the World. Dear, dearest

Gynecia, pardon; thou hast sav'd mine Honour,

Destroy me not again: On what a Rock

(Had not thy Goodness rescued me) had I

Been

Been ever shipwreck'd ; take me to thy Love,
A sad Man for my Fault. Never, Oh ! never,
Shall such unworthy Thoughts corrupt my Heart,
To leave a chaste Wife.

Gyn. I do freely pardon this Error.

Bas. Then I am strait again.

Gyn. But *Zelmane* shall accompt
Dearly for this, unless he satisfy
My furious Blood, new Welcome to my Bosom. [Aside.]

Bas. A Cup of Wine would crown our Reconcilement ;
As I remember, in the Cave I saw
A Golden Bottle. [Ex.]

Gyn. Your Majesty may taste on't, but I meant it
A Draught for false *Zelmane* ; it being virtual
To increase Affection, to me a Gift
My Mother's Love bestow'd, when I was married
To *Basilus*, if ever he grew cold
To quicken his Desires ; I never yet
Made Trial.

Enter Basilus.

Bas. It is the Gods
Nepenthe, or a Drink more precious,
I prithee giv't a Name ; and, if my Kingdom
Afford th' Ingredients, let me taste it often.
Ha ! *Gynecia*, where am I ?

Gyn. Here, my Lord.

Bas. I think I am deceiv'd ; my Tongue o' the sudden
Draws backward, and my Limbs grow very feeble.
Ha ! oh ! farewell. [Falls.]

Gyn. My Lord ! my Lord, *Basilus* ! Oh ! he's dead !
If he be poison'd, I have made fair Work.
Dear Husband ! then for ever mourn, *Gynecia*,
The Gods have punish'd thy lascivious Hate
With hasty Justice. Hath my Care so long
Almost religiously preserv'd this Drink,
To kill thus in a Minute ? Oh ! my Soul
Doth feel a Scorpion, and my Lust appears
Circled with thousand Furies.

Enter Dametas and a Shepherd.

Shep. Treason ! Treason !

Dam. Do set out your Throat here, and let me alone to
roar Treason in the Ears of my Lord *Philonax* ----- I should
have been the Town-Cryer.

G

Shep.

Shep. Make Haste.

Dam. Oh ! yes ; Treason !

Gyn. When you have spent yor Voices, let your Eyes
Speak a more killing Language.

Dam. Ha ! the Queen. Madam, *Pamela* is gone.

Gyn. No matter for *Pamela* ; look here, *Shepherds*,
Here lies the King.

Dam. No matter for *Pamela* ! I am glad of that ;
Is his Majesty asleep ?

Gyn. Never to awake ; he's dead, poison'd by this Phial.

Dam. Oh ! base Phial ; why here is more Treason than we
look'd for. This is admirable ; did he die against his Will,
or was he kill'd a natural Death ? Let us sit upon him.

Gyn. Forbear, I can direct you to the Murderer :
Look here, you *Shepherds*, it was I that kill'd him.

Dam. You ! your Majesty is very merry.

Gyn. Will you not trust me ?

Dam. Yes, for more than I am worth ; but, if you kill'd
him yourself, your Majesty must pardon me for that, I have
nothing to say to you but, Treason ! Treason ! [*Ex.*

Gyn. Yet fly, *Gynecia*, and save thy Life.
Betray not thine own Life. Why do I talk
Of Safety ? Can there be in all the World
A Comfort, when my Honour and *Basilus*
Have both forsaken me ?

Enter Philonax and Dametas, with a Guard.

Philon. *Pamela* gone ! How does the King take it ?

Dam. The King, would he could take it any Way ; good
Gentleman, he's in a pitiful taking himself.

Philon. What says the Screech-Owl ?

Dam. The Truth is, he is sent of an Errand to *Erebus*.
He's dead ; and, for my Lady *Philoclea*, whom I suspect----

Philon. Ha !

Dam. An you make Haste, you may take her napping ;
there is a Thing in the Likeness of a Man with her, whom
very valliantly I disarm'd, and brought away his naked
Weapon.

Philon. What, Traitor ! didst disarm him ?

Dam. Did I ! and there had been twenty of 'em I would
not have car'd a Rush, though they had been as valliant as
Hector : Had I not Treason to my Side, so soon as I came in ?

Philon. Thou dost amaze me ! What said he ?

Dam. Never a Word. My Friend, quoth I, to his Sword----

Philon. Ideot, didst speak to his Sword ?

Dam.

Dam. Why, he was fast asleep, my Lord,
And never so much as dreamt of me.

Philon. Asleep! we lose Time; go you along with *Dametas*,
seize upon that Traitor. Oh! I am rent with Sorrow.

Dam. Come, my Masters, be not afraid, as long as I have a
Sword; you shall go before, and follow my Example: There's
the King, my Lord. [Exit *Dametas* and *Guards*.

Philon. Madam.

Gyn. Oh! *Philonax*!

Philon. Be comforted.

Gyn. You shan't need to mock me; when you know
By whom he dy'd, thou wilt call in thy Charity
And curse me: It was I that poisoned him.

Philon. Good Madam speak that I may understand;
You poisoned him! He was *Basilus*,
Your Husband and your King; it cannot be,
You are the Queen, his Wife.

Gyn. His Murderer!

The Horror of my Sin dwells round about me,
I need no more Accusers than my Conscience;
Do with me what you please, the wicked Reasons
That mov'd me to it you shall know hereafter.

Philon. Bless me, Eternity, I'll not believe
That any Woman, after this, can love
Her Husband. Oh! my Lord! merciless Woman,
For here all other Title's lost away
With her. See her lodg'd within the Castle.

*Enter Dametas and a Guard, with Philoclea and Pyrocles at
one Door; at the other, enter the Rebels, with Musidorus
and Pamela.*

Dam. Here they are, my Lord.

Capt. Where is the King?

Philon. New Uproars!

Dam. My Charge; 'tis *Pamela*, my Lord *Philonax*, 'tis
Pamela.

Philon. *Pamela* and *Philoclea*!

Capt. Yes, my Lord, we suspected they were running away
together; and therefore, in hope of his Majesty's Pardon.----

Pyr. *Musidorus* and thy Sister under Guard!

Mus. *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea* Prisoners too!

Philon. Look here, unnatural Children, for I can't
Pronounce you innocent; this Circumstance
Betrays your Guilt: See where your King and Father
Lies, a cold Pattern for a Tomb.

Pam. Dead!

Pbi. Oh! we are miserable!

Pyr. *Basilus* dead!

Mus. Slain!

Philon. He was murder'd, and you are Accessories:
Sure I have seen your Face! were not you call'd
Zelmae, the *Amazon*?

Pyr. I was.

Philon. Disguis'd, injurious Villain!
Prophaner of all hospitable Laws.

Pyr. I am not loose to answer thee.

Dam. And this was my Man *Dorus*, my Lord. Ah, Ha!
have I found you, Sirrah? You sent me Abroad to be a
Gold-finder.

Philon. You have done Service worthy all your Pardons
[*To the Rebels.*

Now in my Rage I could prevent the Law,
And sacrifice their treacherous Bloods myself
To this reverend Hearse.

Mus. You are transported, *Philonax*;
But that I have Compassion for the Death
Of that good King, I could laugh at thee.

Philon. Hence; load them with Irons. Ladies, you must
Be patient to be confin'd, until (both
You clear yourselves.

Pam. What saucy Fellow's that!
Meant you me, *Philonax*? Unhand those Prisoners.

Philon. Away with them, I command.

Pam. Yet stay and hear me;
As you did love *Basilus*, hear his Daughter:
This Insolence doth interrupt the Tears
Due to my dear dead Father, and enforces
Me, since he thus forgets, to declare to you
With Confidence who I am. I am *Pamela*,
The eldest Daughter of *Basilus*,
Your Queen, if I mistake not, since my Father
Is dead; to whose Memory these pious Drops
Fall, as the Tribute of my Grief. Who then
Shall be obey'd? he that was trusted with
My Father's Power, which in his Death is cancel'd,
Or I, your natural Princess?

Dam. Um, my Charge speaks to the Purpose.

Pam. Have you found so much Sweetness in the Reign
You borrow'd of my Father, that you would
Usurp now he is dead? I have not sign'd

Any Commission for your Office ; how
Dare you then, in my Presence, command any
To Prison ? nay, like a bold insolent Traitor,
Talk of confining me ? We are merciful,
To let you keep your proud Head on.

Rebels. What will become of us ?

Dam. You shall have clean Halters.

Pam. But in the Justice to my Royal Father,
Snatch'd hence untimely from us ; since you attempt
To charge them with his Death, we give you Space
To live, and to accuse them ; they shall be
Our Prisoners : I th' mean Time 'twill become
Your Person to go Home, and study how
To play the Advocate when you are call'd
By us, and the grave Laws. You are dismiss'd.

Philon. I am astonish'd, do you not wonder with me,
To hear the Daughter of our late good King
Lost to her filial Piety ? This comes
Too near a Parricide, *Pamela.* Countrymen,
It is apparent they have all conspir'd
The Death of the old King ; methinks I hear
His Groans confirm it : If you suffer such
A Treason pass, *Arcadia* will become
The Scorn of all the World, nor ever shall
Any good Prince trust his Life amongst you.
For my Ambition, all the Angels know
How tedious the Hours have been, since I
Was forc'd to take this Kingdom's Weight upon me ;
But let not Ceremony to the Daughter,
Whose Title I dispute not, shame our Duties
To him that was her Father, and our Master :
Poison'd, yes poison'd, by those Men that have
No Names ; and will betray, in our Remissness,
The Honour of these Ladies and our Country,
As they have done his precious Life already.
As you are good Men, let them be arraign'd :
If they be innocent, their Goodness will
Protect them ; but if guilty, let them die
Like Slaves, unpity'd.

Rebels. A *Philonax* ! a *Philonax* !

Pam. Dare ye all be Traitors then ?

Philon. This your great Love revives me ; then convey
All to the Castle, but command these two,
As Traitors, to be made safe : The Ladies shall
Be under mild Restraint.

Pyr. Villains.

Mus. Your Lives shall dearly answer this.
We must obey the Tyrant; were our Hands
At Liberty, and arm'd with our good Swords,
We should not off so tamely.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dam. Come away, Traitors.

Philon. Well remember'd; you
Are not to be discharg'd, lodge him safe too.

Dam. Who, I? he does not mean me. My Lord, these
Fellows-----

Phi. Take him away, a Traitor, with the rest.

Enter Messenger.

Dam. Away, away.

Reb. So must you, Sir.

Dam. Would I might never see my Wife and Children in
my right Wits if I'm a Traitor, that's enough. My Lord,
they'll carry me away too.

Reb. D'ye remember a clean Halter? Come on, Sir. [*Ex.*]

Philon. King *Evarchus*, sayst?

Mess. He has but a small Train, my Lord.

Philon. Alas! he comes too late to visit, but
Most seasonable to be a Judge in this
Great Cause. Take gently up that Royal Body,
Whose Soul's a Star already; all that we
Can pay, is Justice to his Memory.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter Simpathus, Pamela and Philoclea.

Pam. **G**OOD Master Jailor, you might be so courteous
in your Office, to let us see these Gentlemen.

Simp. Madam, I dare not.

Pam. 'Tis well; you dare obey King *Philonas* and be a
Rebel to me, the Time may come you will repent.

Simp. Confident that you will keep your princely Words not
to interrupt or change any Discourse with them, I have brought
you where you may, tho' at some Distance, hear them. They
are preparing for some Musick; 'tis all I dare consent to, neither
durst I tell them you should be within Reach of their Voices.

Pam. Well, Sir, we are content.

[*A Song.*]

Phi.

Phi. We'll speak with them but in your Hearing.

Pam. Do not entreat him, Sister. Pray have a special Remembrance to let them want Air and Necessaries; you'll forfeit your Place, if you make Conscience to be over honest to them.

Simp. I am sorry you accuse my Nature, which never yet was observed cruel. I would be as just to your Commands.

Pam. So it seems.

Simp. Were these Misfortunes over.

Pam. Good Sir, no tedious Excuses nor Apology, but proceed you, and your great Master *Philonax* will make you his Treasurer, or trust you with his Great Seal; you cannot chuse but be an excellent Keeper.

Phi. What will become of us?

Pam. Nay, what will become of the Princes? there's my Fear: Would they were free again, and had but their good Swords to second their Innocence. I am mad to think what a Condition we are fain to; prithee, *Philoctea*, shed some Tears for me, if I weep now it must be for Anger that we cannot help them. But let the Grey-beards look to't; for if they suffer, unless they send me of an Errand after them, not a Head that nodded to their Sentence shall know where to find Shoulders to support them.

Phi. Alas! Sister, I want Drops for my own Grief, My Father's Death-----

Pam. My Father! that, that hath open'd the Spring again.

Phi. And altho' guilty of his Blood; for so, They say, our Mother hath confess'd herself, I must in Duty weep for her.

Pam. My Mother! That Word strikes double Sorrow, and doth call A Flood to drown my Eyes. Shall we not see her?

Phi. She could not kill him sure: Did ever Grief So soon make such a Pair of Orphans? our Fortunes are so strange and thick, Posterity Will think our Story Fiction; and yet, It seems, they're not so great to break our Hearts O' th' sudden: I would willingly die too, But I remember *Pyracles*.

Pam. And I my dear-beloved *Musidorus*, at which Name My Tears dry up, and black Revenge prepares Her Throne within my Blood. *Simpatius*.

Simp. Madam.

Pam. Are not the Princes sent for?

Simp. Not yet.

Pam.

Pam. I prithee tell me how they look? What say they to thee?

Pbi. Do they name us?

Simp. It hath been all their Question, how both their Princely Mistresses do fare; for so They call you, Ladies. When I answer, well; Their Joy shoots up in Prayers, that you may still Continue safe.

Pbi. Do they not rail sometimes and curse?

Simp. I never heard them.

Pam. Canst thou be such a Fool then to believe They are Murderers?

Simp. I don't believe they are.

Pam. Do not; if thou darest be a Knave, and try if the Devil will bear thee out in't: We must not see them?

Simp. Alas! Madam----

Pam. Nor speak to our Mother?

Simp. I am commanded----

Pam. Thou shalt not deny us a little Discourse with *Dametis*, my old Governor, since we have no other Company.

Simp. You shall.

Pbi. His Presence could be never more unwelcome; Besides, his Follies will but ill agree With our Affliction.

Pam. They cannot hurt Us, Sister: I have a Breast as deeply charg'd As thine, altho' I flatter it; 'tis no Sin, To enable us for bearing.----How d'ye, Governor?

Enter Dametas.

Dam. How d'ye, Madam? Even as you see, as ill as this Iron-Age can make a Man.

Pam. What will they do with thee?

Dam. They cannot use me worse then they have, for I am hang'd in Chains already. I have had three Whippings into the Bargain too; if they hold such a Hand over me long, I shall never be able to sleep in a whole Skin.

Pam. Had you any Hand in my Father's Death?

Dam. Hand, I was so far from having any Hand, that I had not so much as a Finger in't: No, your Mother poison'd him with a base Viol.

Pbi. Oh! Misery.

Dam. But, Madam, I did not think you had been so dishonest; an you had meant to run away with any Body, I thought you would have told me so: But I see a Woman and a wet Eel have both slippery Tails.

Pam.

Pam. You ran away from me.

Dam. Who, I run? I was never so good a Footman in my Life. Alas! I was told by that Rascal, *Dorus*, where a great deal of Gold was buried, and I went simply with a Resolution after I came Home to build Half a Dozen Churches; but now I hear say there is a Gallows built to my Hands, and I must hang ding dong, like a Bell in a wooden Steeple.

Pam. Speak well of *Dorus*, Sirrah; you had more need to pray for him.

Dam. Heaven convert him then; and tho' he live when I am dead, he may be rotten as soon as I.

Phi. Who sent you, Sirrah, to my Chamber?

Dam. Sent me, the Devil, and I have thriv'd accordingly; would my Wife had broke her Neck when I took you together.

Pam. Your Wife!

Dam. Or my Daughter, or you, or any Body, to save the Loss of my own sweet-----Madam, speak a good Word for me, and I'll-----speak another for you. My Evidence will be heard, and I care not what I swear. 'Tis not for the King, he's dead: I look every Minute for a Voice to call me to the Sessions.

Within. *Dametis.*

Dam. Hey! there it is already: As ever you hope to be married while your Maidenheads are sweet, save me from the Gallows; for if I be once hang'd, I shall never be my own Man again.

[*Exit.*]

Phi. They are very hasty to arraign 'em. *Pyrocles,* There's nothing left me now but Prayers for thee, With which the Gods I'll weary, or tire myself For thy Success.

[*Recorders.*]

Pam. I would do so, but I Fear my Revenge will kill my Charity.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Evarchus, Philonax and Simpathus. *The Bier.*

Ev. My Lord your Sorrow, and not my Ambition Hath made me Judge To-day, therefore attend The Proof of your Election. I came With Purpose of a Visit to your Master, But now salute his Hearse, and wear a Title Of your Protector; in which Name, I gave Command The Prisoners should be sent for.

Simp. 'Tis done, and they are ready.

Philon. My Lord, my Part To-day is to accuse, And not side in Compassion.

H. *Enter*

*Enter Gynecia, Mufidorus, Pyrocles and Dametas guarded.
A Bar set out.*

Ev. That the Queen?

Philon. Yes, my Lord.

Ev. She shews a much dejected Lady.

Philon. Has she not Cause?

Ev. Those the pretended Princes?
Of comely Presence both. What's he?

Philon. *Dametas*, to whose Trust the King gave up
Pamela, his eldest Daughter.

Ev. Where is she?

Philon. Accompanied with her Sister in the Castle;
Their Presence might occasion some Tumult,
Nor do the *Arcadian* Laws allow proceeding
Against the next of Blood; as they permit not
She should determine any Thing herself,
Till Years or Marriage enable her.

Dam. I will forgive thee, *Philonax*, for more Malice than
thou hast brought against my Life, for being so honest to *Pa-*
mela.

Philon. Sir, I look not for your Thanks.

Pyr. As you are honourable, I beseech you,
With Name of sacred Justice, ere you farther
Proceed against our Facts, declare what you
Determine of *Philoclea*; who is all Innocence,
And most unjustly suffers, tho' in Thought
You doubt her Virgin-Honour.

Ev. She must become a Recluse,
And all her Life, with strict Profession
Of Chastity, repair her blemish'd Honour.

Pyr. A Vestal!

Not if I live, yet if I die it carries
This Comfort, none hereafter shall enjoy
The fair *Philoclea*.

Ev. Now to the Queen.

Philon. Madam, stand to the Bar.

Gyn. My Bar indeed! which I have laid myself
To bring my Honour to a Fall and Ruin.
Oh! my dear Lord, my Tears do now embalm thee,
My Blood shall quickly follow.

Philon. As you are just,
Let not her Sorrow tempt you to forget
What Sin she hath committed: I want Words
To express the Horror of the Deed, which will
Throw Shame on all her Sex.

Gyn.

Gyn. Stay, *Philonax*, thou'lt have
What thou desirest; I have been a Judge already
Upon myself, and don't desire Life,
That am condemn'd by my own killing Sentence.
I do again confess I was the Murderer
Of your and my Lord; robb'd *Arcadia* and
My Children of a Father: I none but I
Poison'd *Basilus*!

Pyr. *Palladius* dost hear?

Mus. Unfortunate Lady.

Gyn. And what could *Philonax* say more against me?
There remains only to obey your Judgment,
Which cannot come in any Shape of Death
Too horrid for my Sin. I'm very weary
Of this bad World; be just and take a Life
From me, that else will groan itself away,
And mock your Justice.

Philon. You hear, my Lord?

Ev. And thus proceed to Sentence.
Having confess'd, to spare your Proof, how much
She hath offended, an Example to all Times
We censure thus: She shall presently
Be carried to Prison, where she may
Have Food but only to sustain her Life,
Until her Husband's Burial, with whom
In the same Vault she shall be clos'd alive,
To keep his Body Company, from which
Her Cruelty divorc'd his Soul.

Gyn. You're just.

Pyr. My Heart weeps for her.

Mus. 'Tis a severe Sentence.

Gyn. Who binds my Hands? *Basilus*, I come
To die, a living Guest, in thy sad Tomb. [Exit.

Philon. The others to the Bar.

Ev. What are their Names?

Pyr. *Daiphantas* of *Lybia* mine.

Mus. Mine *Palladius* of *Iberia*.

Ev. We do not dispute their Titles, here they are
Private Persons: You may proceed.

Philon. I shall, and with as much Brevity----

Ev. Choose whom you'll first accuse.

Philon. Then first this *Daiphantas*, this *Zelmane*,
This what you will, for he hath yet no Name,
Nor Shape that we can trust to, having Knowledge
Of our late Master's solitary Life,

Came not without a Purpose of this Treachery ;
 And, by the Cunning of *Gynecia*,
 I' th' Habit of a Woman was receiv'd
 As an unsuspected Guest ; enjoy'd the Freedom
 Of those whom the King plac'd nearest his Bosom,
 His Children not more dear. Treason thus fortified,
 They soon conspir'd the Death of this good King.
 A Cave, this Gentlewoman's Lodging, was
 The fatal Scene where the unhappy Queen,
 By his Direction, forc'd his dear Life from him.
 I omit what lustful Motive prompted her,
 That with more License she might twine with this
 Hermaphrodite ; and that they had appointed
 Where they might meet, when this black Deed was done :
 But Heaven was merciful, and prevented her
 Flight, by the happy coming in of Shepherds.
 In the mean Time, transport'd with the Confidence
 Of her Performance, that he might not leave
 Any Revenger of this hateful Murder,
 He hastily makes up to *Philoclea's* Chamber,
 Where by the mingling (what he could) her Shame
 With his Offence, he easily might enforce
 Her to be Accessary to her Father's Death ;
 And, under her Protection, and her Sister's,
 ('Gainst whom they knew we were not to rebel)
 Seize with one Gripe the State ; but Heaven preserv'd
 All, by the unexpected coming up
 Of this *Dametas*.

Dam. Yes, Heaven and I preserv'd all.

Philon. Who fought then for *Pamela*,
 Which the other princely Thief had stolen away ;
 And finding these, I mean *Philoclea*
 And this young Man together, found Ocession
 To inclose the Ravisher, till by Command
 They were apprehended. Thus you have, in short,
 His wicked Story ; and what Punishment
 Will not be thought a Mercy to that Monster,
 That kills a King, dishonoureth a Queen,
 And violates the Daughters ?

Pyr. In Things promoted with such cunning Mixture,
 'Tis hard to shape a square and direct Answer.
 My Accuser's sordid and malicious Railing's
 More grievous to my tender Sense of Honour,
 Than Death can be ; I forget him,
 A Thing beneath my Anger, and arm'd with

My

My own Simplicity doubt not to assure
 How much my Cause is injur'd. Know, grave Judge,
 This Prince and I, drawn hither by the Fame
 Of the rare Beauties in *Basilus'* Daughters,
 Knowing that with their Parents they liv'd here
 Secluded from the World, where no Access
 In our own Persons was to be expected,
 Put on these Forms as soonest might conduce
 To make our Loves known. This *Palladius*
 Became so fortunate, that his princely Mistress
 Consented to forsake, and trust his Conduct
 To a happier Kingdom. My Fortune
 Was not so happy; for I did not cherish
 A greater Flame, yet modest, of *Philoclea*,
 Then her weak Father, in my Sex deceiv'd,
 Retain'd of me; that, tir'd with his Solicity,
 I had no Time to perfect my Desires
 With his fair Daughter;
 Till, under Colour of some Devotions,
 I made a Cave my Lodging to invite
Basilus thither, with full Hope to enjoy me;
 But this revealing to the Queen, she took
 My Place, to make the old King see his Follies.
 In the mean Time, I must confess, I went
 To bright *Philoclea's* Chamber, hoping to
 Win her, by all the Charms of noble Love,
 To leave *Arcadia*: But she, unhappily
 Obeying her own Genius, gave no
 Consent; when, in the midst of my Security,
 I know not by what Means, I was made Prisoner,
 And here's the Thread to guide through this Labyrinth!
 Methinks your Man of mighty Tongue should blush,
 To have spent his Rage so poorly.

Ev. What is all this to the Death of the old King?

Pyr. By all the Gods I'm innocent!

The Queen hath absolv'd me: As for *Philoclea*,
 If you will call't a Crime in that I lov'd her,
 I am, and shall be guilty, but had never
 A Thought so rude to force her unstain'd Chastity:
 Or if the Honour of this excellent Lady
 Suffer, i' th' blind Opinion of the World,
 Our Marriage, not my Death, may cure all Wounds
 Malice can fasten on her Name.

Philon. Oh! Impudence!

Ev. If this be all you have to say, proceed
 To his Confederate.

Philon.

Philon. The Imagination, how miserable
 These Jugglers would have made us and our Country,
 If their Disguise had prosper'd, strikes a Terror
 Through my Faculties ! my Tongue's enfeebled !
 Therefore to omit his Practice in the Murder,
 Which you may easily collect by Circumstance,
 This is enough to call him a foul Traitor,
 He did attempt to steal away our Princess,
 The Hope and Treasure of *Arcadia* ;
 And, taken in the Fact, dares not deny it.
 Had he no other Crime to answer for,
 This pulls severe Death on him ; and, to insist
 Upon Offences of so foul a Nature,
 Were to distrust your Wisdom or your Justice.
 Thou, t'other Shame of Mankind, speak to this.

Mus. Not for thy sake, who in this Misery
 Hast only merited to be my Scorn,
 But for the Truth I answer. Pardon, Sir,
 If Passion make me not remember Language
 That should become this Place ; this ill-tongu'd Man,
 That with such Vehemence accuseth thus,
 Is himself guilty.

Philon. How !

Mus. Of a more hateful Vice, Ingratitude.
 Is this the Payment for our Services,
 Which once thy Tongue acknowledged had deserv'd
 Statues to the eternal Memory
 Of the Preservers of your King and Country ?
 Is all the Valour of this young Man cancell'd,
 When Rebels had advanc'd their daring Swords,
 High as the Throat of your old King, his Wife,
 And trembling Daughters ? Is the Time forgotten,
 When Wild Beasts had prepared their riorous Maws,
 To bury the dear Pledges of your Kingdom ?
 Oh ! where had been my Treason, or his Rape,
 Had they been then devour'd ? The Ground has not
 Drunk up the Blood so perfectly, but there
 Remains a Colour, to teach impious Men
 To blush for their Ingratitude. Have we
 Been careless of our Lives to preserve
 The King, when Danger threaten'd Horror to him ;
 And can a temperate Man imagine we
 Should be his Murderers ? We had not sav'd,
 To be ourselves the Hangmen. But I'm charg'd
 For stealing of your Princess ; can your Breaths

Acknowledge

Acknowledge her your Sovereign, and allow
 No Faith to what she says? You have degraded
 My Blood from Honour; and, unless you make me
 Less than her Subject, I was bound to obey,
 When she commanded I should wait upon her.
 But you'll object, I counsell'd her; I did,
 And justify the Act. - She was confin'd
 Too narrowly, and I durst lead her to
 A Throne above the Majesty her Birth
 Can challenge in *Arcadia*: Love, whose Force
 The Gods have not resisted, may plead for me.

Ev. Is this all?

Mus. Tho' it want Method, 'tis enough to vindicate
 My Honour from his base Asperſion.

Ev. To him you call *Dametas*.

Dam. Not guilty, my Lord; as I hope to be sav'd, not
 guilty.

Philon. Neglect of the great Charge with which the King
 Our Master trusted him, ſums up his Fault.

Dam. I was made a Gold-finder; I deſire Juſtice for him,
 and Mercy for myſelf.

Philon. Silence.

Ev. I have heard you with Attention; and whereas
 To the King's Death (the unhappy Cauſe of this
 Aſſembly) you have answer'd with Denial,
 Which you think fortified by the Queen's
 Self's only Accuſation. I muſt tell you
 It frees you not; for tho' no manifeſt Proofs,
 Yet Circumſtances well examin'd, make you
 The accidental Cauſes of his Murder.
 For the other Part of your Offence, I find not
 You have deny'd your Guilt, but only uſe
 Qualification and Excuse: Your Services,
 In themſelves high and honourable, allow you
 No Privilege to offend, but give your black Faults
 A black Dye. Then juſtly weighing your Offence, you meet
 In equal Guilt; for tho' you firſt convey'd
 Away *Pamela*, his Intention was
 Early as yours; and, by the Rules of Juſtice,
 The Will ſtands for the Act; both raviſhed,
 Although not of the Ladies from themſelves,
 Yet from their Parents and their Country, which
 By all the *Grecian* Laws is paid with Death.
 Thus then I muſt pronounce, *Daiphantas* ſhall
 Be thrown from ſome high Tower to meet his Death.

Polladius

Philadus lose his Head before Sun-set :
 The Executioner shall be *Dametas*,
 Which Office of the common Hangman he
 Shall for his whole Life execute, a Punishment
 For his Neglect of Duty.

Dam. Must I be Hangman? Oh brave; Heaven preserve
 your Lordship. I shall quickly learn the Trade, and if ever
 any of your Honours have Occasion to use me, I will owe you
 a good Turn; and, in Token I have been bound to you, the
 Knot of my dutiful Affection shall tell a Tale in your Ear you
 shall thank me for, when you are hang'd. Come your ways;
 but I beseech your Lordship I may be allow'd a Man some-
 times. I would be loath to hang or to behead myself, my
 Wife, or my own Kindred; but if it happen there be more
 Work than he can turn his Hands to, I will not stick with him
 to hang myself. Provide you Malefactors, and let me alone
 for Halters.

Enter Calander and Caladolus.

Cal. Hold, stay the Prisoners, my Lord Protector.

Calad. Oh! my Lord!

Mus. My Servant *Caladolus*, by thy Duty
 Reveal us not.

Calad. Let me rather be dumb eternally, than two such
 Princes be lost by my Silence.

Ev. My Son and Nephew, are they living?

Calad. Your own *Pyrocles*, and his princely Nephew.

Cal. Ask your Father Blessing; unhand 'em, Rascals.

Philon. The two most famous Princes in the World.

Mus. 'Tis *Evarchus* thy Father, *Pyrocles*; my Uncle,
 King of *Macedon*. All ye Gods! my Heart is extacy'd with
 Joy.

Pyr. My Father!

Ev. My Blessing and my Tears you both divide:
 Witness with me, ye immortal Powers, this Day
 I have done nothing, but what Justice and
 Your native Laws require, without the Knowledge
 How near they were to my own Blood; but since
 They are found my Son and Nephew,
 Endow'd by Nature richly, and how meriting
 The Fame and Love of all the World before
 This Accident, I leave to your own Thoughts.
 Besides these two I have no Joys of Life.

Cal. Excellent *Evarchus*; why did you change your Names?

Pyr.

The ARCADIA

Pyr. To prevent the Dishonour of our Blood, if I do
If we had suffer'd.

Ev. But I have judg'd already, and if right
I have not wrong'd; unless the Name
Of Child have Power to alter sacred Justice.
You both must die, though when I speak your Death
It creeps upon my Heart.

Mus. We dream; is this thy Father, *Pyrocles*?

Ev. Away with 'em.

Mus. 'Tis most tyrannical, he is thy Son,
Thou wilt not be a Murderer of thy own?
Make not thy Name hated of all the World
When it shall say hereafter, *Pyrocles*
Had no Fault in him, but he was thy Son.

Pyr. For me, I am his own, and being so
Dispos'd of by his Justice; to whom rather
I hop'd to have been a Comfort than a Shame.
I kiss my Sentence; but you cannot place
Your Kinsman in the Sacrifice. His Mother
And Country pleads a Title, he is theirs:
Oh! save my princely Cousin.

Ev. Sure I shan't live
Long after them; and, Gentlemen, if I die
Before I leave *Arcadia*, let my Ashes
Mingle with theirs.

Bas. Oh! oh! oh!

Dam. My Lord! Gentlemen! There's something stirs and
groans. Come back.

Ev. *Basilus* alive! assist him, *Philonax*;
He breathes! What Streams of Joy run through me?
Send for *Gynecia* and his Daughters.

Bas. Why am I supported thus like a dead Man!
What are you?

Ev. *Evarchus*, your old Friend.

Bas. I have seen that Face before, 'tis like sweet *Zelmane*.

Ev. My Son.

Pyr. But was a Countess's *Zelmane*.

Bas. Wonders! and you?

Ev. My Nephew, Prince of *Thessaly*.

Mus. Tho' late your Servant *Dorus*.

Enter Gynecia, Pamela and Philoclea.

Bas. Very strange! *Gynecia*!

Gyn. My dear Lord return'd;
A thousand Kisses welcome him to Life,

